THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 27, 1927
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GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR

The BYSTANDER

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Spinet

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If your bootmaker cannot supply, send 1/- for 3 pairs to the makers.

PATON'S 33 LACES

4D. *per pair.*

For Ladies' and Gents' boots and shoes. In black, tan, or white. Flat or tubular.

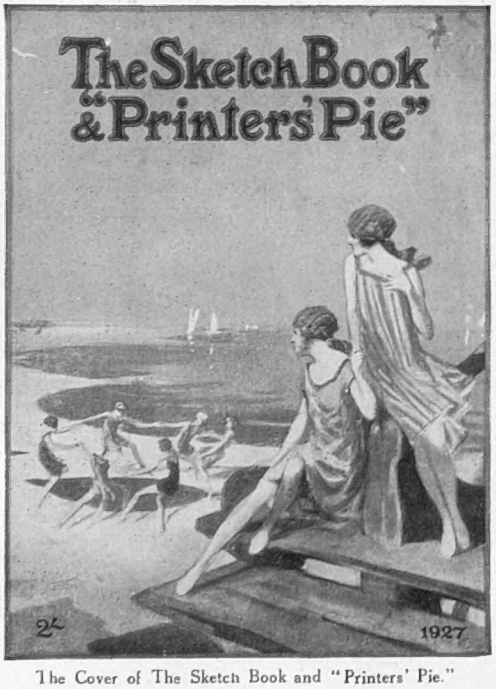
WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND. 98

GOOD HUMOUR — GOOD ARTISTS

THE MOST AMUSING PUBLICATION OF THE YEAR IS THE NEW SUMMER ISSUE OF

THE SKETCH BOOK

and "PRINTERS' PIE"



The Cover of The Sketch Book and "Printers' Pie."

STORIES by Ben Travers, Storm Jameson, Peter Traill, Samuel Spewack, and Phyllis Bottome.

ILLUSTRATED by Joyce Dennys, A. K. Macdonald, Illingworth, and A. K. Zinkeisen.

HUMOROUS COLOUR PICTURES by Suzanne Meunier, A. K. Zinkeisen, Felix de Gray, Alfred Leete, Henry Evison, Ghilchik, Topham, Hookway Cowles, Wilton Williams, W. Heath Robinson, J. A. Shepherd, and Fred W. Purvis.

HUMOROUS BLACK AND WHITE PICTURES by Alfred Leete, Thorpe, Fitz, Joyce Dennys, D'Egville, Arthur Watts, L. R. Brightwell, Leslie Marchant, Illingworth, F. C. Boyle, Will Owen, Fraser, Bert Wilson, Graham Simmons, Field Smith, Seymour Hurley, etc.

Everything new and up to date.

Everything crisp and to the point.

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GOOD STORIES — GOOD COLOURS

From all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or from the Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS. — NOW READY.

The BYSTANDER

BY W. S. HUTTON

LIDO PEACHES

BY NICK

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Central News

AT HOLYROOD

His Majesty chatting with two American naval officers at the Royal Garden Party at Holyrood. Brilliant weather favoured the proceedings, at which the Queen and Princess Mary were also present

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Curtain Comes Down

IF you went to sleep for a year and woke up to hear "Lavender! Sweet Lavender! Who'll buy my Lavender?" being called in the streets you would know that the Season was approaching its end. This week Goodwood once more brings down the curtain.

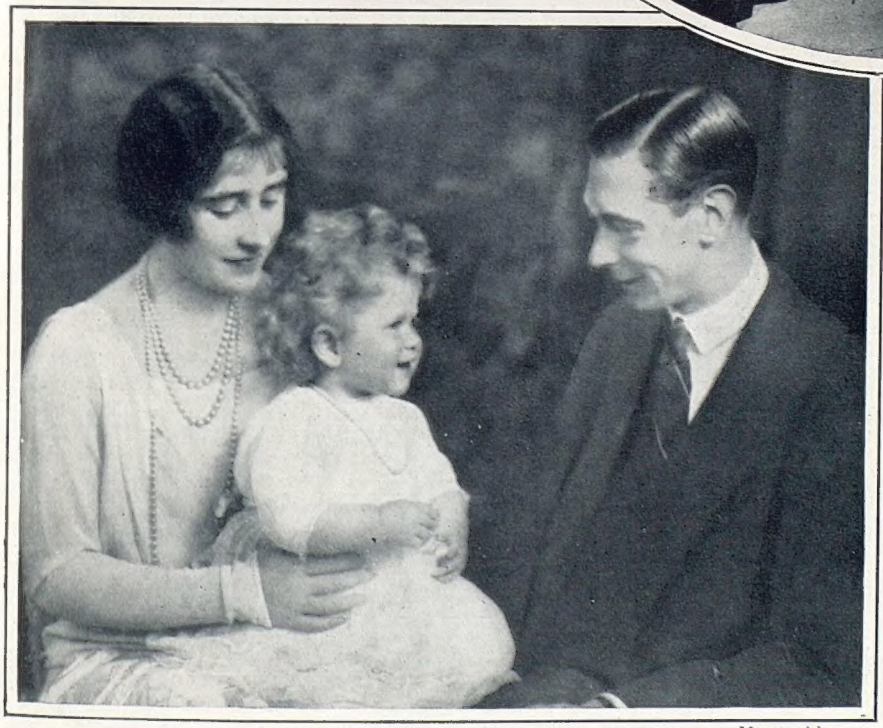
Formerly, the end of the Season meant a general exodus, whole squares and streets a succession of houses with closely-drawn blinds outside and acres of dust-sheets within, and rows of empty tables at the fashionable restaurants. But nowadays the exodus is not nearly so general. We have all sorts of amusements in London in August which were unknown to our immediate forbears, and what with the night clubs and the cabarets, the ancient cry that "London is so dull in August" is muted for ever.

You can be very gay in London in August, and there is this advantage—you get more than six square inches to dance upon at the night clubs, and you

Central Press

THE KING AND QUEEN AT LIVERPOOL

Their Majesties photographed at the opening of the new Gladstone Docks at Liverpool, which contain the most wonderful dock system in the world. On the left is the Lord Mayor, Councillor F. C. Bowring, and following Their Majesties is Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary

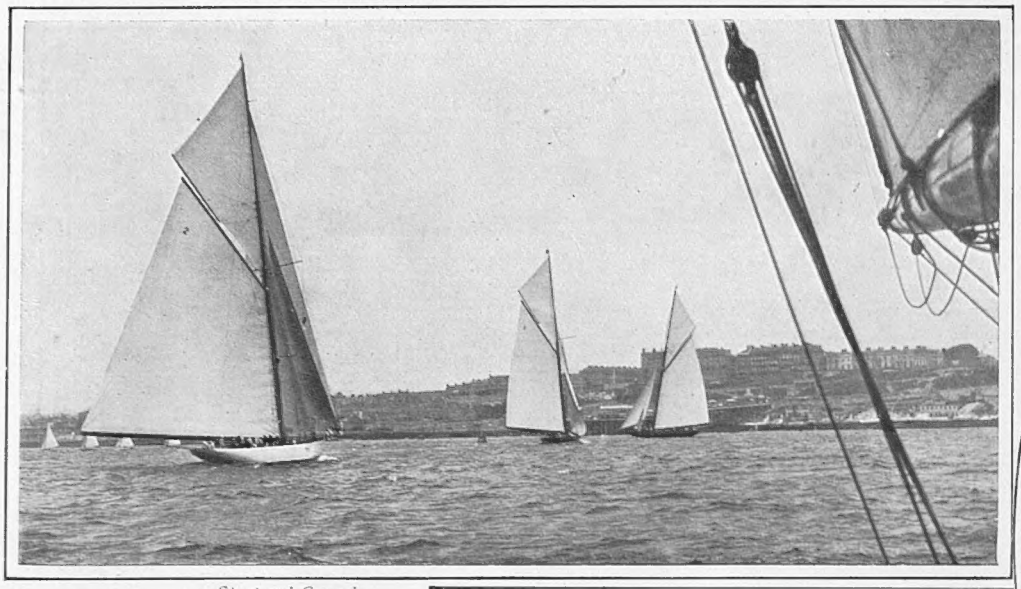


Marcus Adams

ROYALTY *EN FAMILLE*

A new and charming group of the Duke and Duchess of York with Princess Elizabeth, who becomes more and more a "grown-up" baby each time she is photographed. Their Royal Highnesses have now quite settled down in their new home in Piccadilly

SAILING TO THE SEASON'S END



Sport and General

A CLOSE THING

A scene during the racing at Plymouth Regatta. His Majesty's Britannia is seen closely followed by Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock and Lord Waring's White Heather

haven't to take turns with the man at the next table in raising your soup spoon to your mouth.

It certainly has been a brilliant season in spite of a record in bad weather.

This year, I understand, Lord March will be host to the King at Goodwood as deputy for his father, the Duke of Richmond, whose age and health make even that pleasant duty too heavy for him. The Queen will not go to Goodwood, but will join the King on the Royal yacht at Portsmouth *en route* for Cowes.

News Illus.

MRS. HICKMAN MORGAN AND MISS MORGAN

News Illus.

MISS AILEEN GUINNESS AND THE HON. BRINSLEY PLUNKET

The Scottish Visit

THE Royal visit to Scotland, I hear on all sides, was an unqualified success from the beginning to the end, and the Scottish lieges are delighted. Edinburgh hotel keepers and tradesmen wish that the visit could have been prolonged, as hundreds of people came into the city every day from all parts of the country, many of them just to take the opportunity of seeing the King and Queen as they drove through the streets to the various functions. The Drawing Room and the Garden Party filled the hotels, and both ceremonies brought joy to the hearts of Edinburgh dressmakers.

The Princes and the Premier

THE journey of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Baldwin to Canada makes history, for it is the first time that an Heir-Apparent to the Throne and a Prime Minister have travelled abroad together in their official capacities. There are to be wonderful doings in Canada to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Dominion, and for eleven days there will be journeyings hither and thither, official dinners, receptions, garden parties, and what not. The most important of the dinners takes place next Wednesday. It is to be given by the Government of Canada, and both the Prince and the Prime Minister are expected to deliver special messages to Canada—the Prince from the King, and Mr. Baldwin from the British Government.

News Illus.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. SHELTON

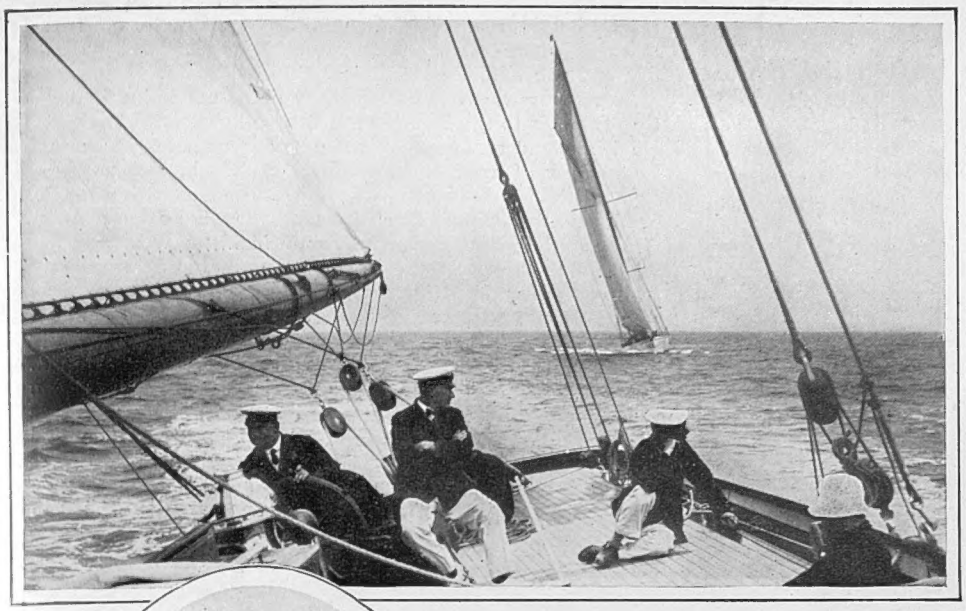
The Prince's official visit ends at Banff on August 10, but Mr. Baldwin goes on for eight days longer. When the Prince and Prince George leave Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin they are going privately to British Columbia, and after that to the Prince's ranch in Alberta, where they are expected to stay for a fortnight.

The New Spanish Embassy

WHEN the Marqués and Marquésa de Merry del Val move into the new Spanish Embassy in Belgrave Square they will be housed in one of the finest Embassies in London. The present Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens has good reception rooms but nothing to approach those in Belgrave Square, where, too, there is an imposing staircase.

The new Embassy is Downshire House, and used to be the town house of the Marquesses of Downshire, but it is many years since any of the Downshire family lived in it. It is a big house, standing by itself, and is a *pendant* in the design of the square to Lord Howard de Walden's Seaford House on the other side. In every way it is admirably suited for the big entertainments such as the Marquésa de Merry del Val delights in giving. It has its own *porte-cochère* and entrance and exit for motors.

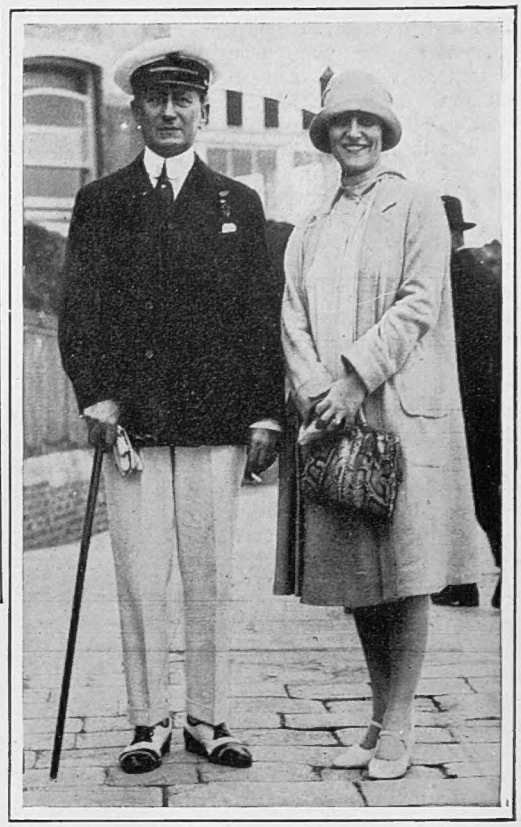
I remember that Downshire House was



Sport and General

RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND

A photograph taken on board Westward during the Plymouth Regatta. Sir Mortimer Singer's Lulworth is seen in the background



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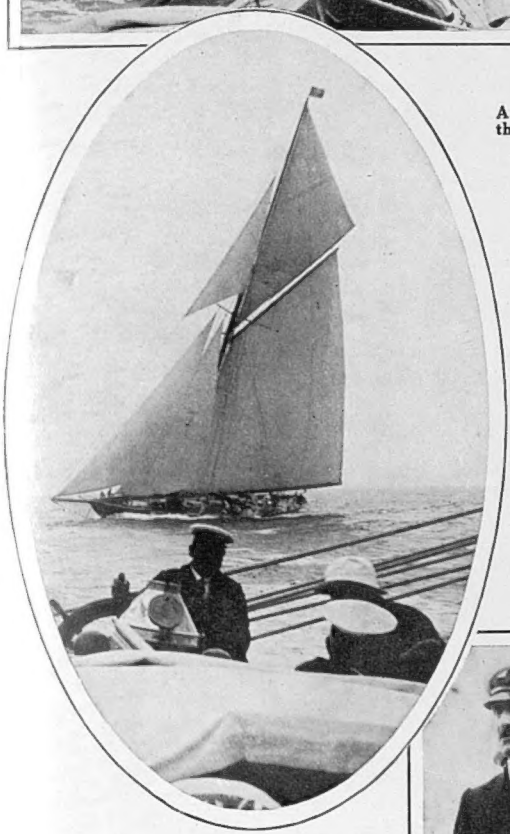
SENATORE AND THE CONTESSA MARCONI



Sport and General

IN CLOSE PURSUIT

Another incident during the racing at Plymouth Regatta. The King's Britannia is seen following Westward during the second round

once the scene of a social tragedy. In those days it used to be let furnished. One season it was taken by an American woman whose husband had made a vast fortune out of cough-drops. She made the mistake—as others have done both before and since—in thinking that a big house and heaps of money were all that is required for entrance into London society. To her surprise and intense mortification invitations she sent to the highly-placed whom she didn't know from Adam or Eve were either refused or ignored. Then she fell into the hands of an extremely needy and pinchbeck peeress, who charged a high fee for bringing all the wrong people to the house—that is, wrong from the point of view of the American woman's social aspirations.

Here, again, she took a bad toss. In a moment of confidence she mentioned the fee she was paying the pinchbeck peeress to that lady's dearest friend and best enemy. Of course the friend spread the news abroad. As the peeress was working very hard for her money, and with no particular success—a fact of which she had been reminded by the American with unpleasant directness—she cast the Transatlantic dame to whatever world she chose to go to, with an historic letter—

"Dear Mrs. X.,

"I'm sorry to find that I cannot interest my friends in you and your husband. But you see, unfortunately, you both eat cheese with your knife."

News Illus.

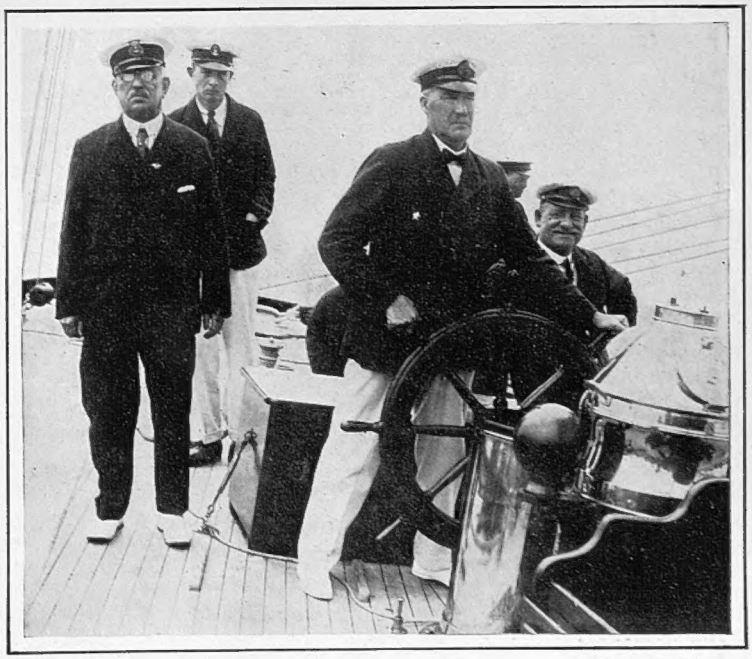
LORD CAMDEN

The Vice-Commodore of the R.Y.S.

Bought Back Again

SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, I hear, is selling Westbury Manor, his place in Northamptonshire, upon which he spent a considerable sum of money when he bought it some years ago. Sir Samuel, who married a daughter of the late Earl Cadogan, is in the unusual position of now owning an estate which he had sold seven years previously. This is in North Harris.

He sold the property to the late Lord Leverhulme, but continued to rent the house together with some shooting and fishing. After Lord Leverhulme's death he bought it all back again.



Sport and General

ON BOARD

A photograph taken on board Westward during the racing off Plymouth. The group shows Sir William Reardon Smith (left), Lieutenant R. F. Gordon, R.N., Mr. T. F. B. Davis and Capt. Draper

The Roumanian Tragedy

IF a parson wanted a text on which to base a sermon upon duty and responsibility he would have it to his hand in the present situation in Roumania. And to prove that the following of their own desires by those upon whom great responsibility is placed by their birth can bring grave difficulty, and perhaps national disaster, to a whole country, he would have a concrete instance in Prince Carol, the heir to the Roumanian throne, who renounced his right of succession, but seems to have been hankering after it ever since.

It is a sordid story. First the young man left Roumania during the War, and married the daughter of a Roumanian general at Odessa. The marriage was morganatic, and was never acknowledged by his parents or the Roumanian Government. Ultimately, the marriage was annulled, and later he married the eldest daughter of King Constantine of Greece. Of this marriage there was a son, Prince Michael, now a child of five and the King of Roumania.

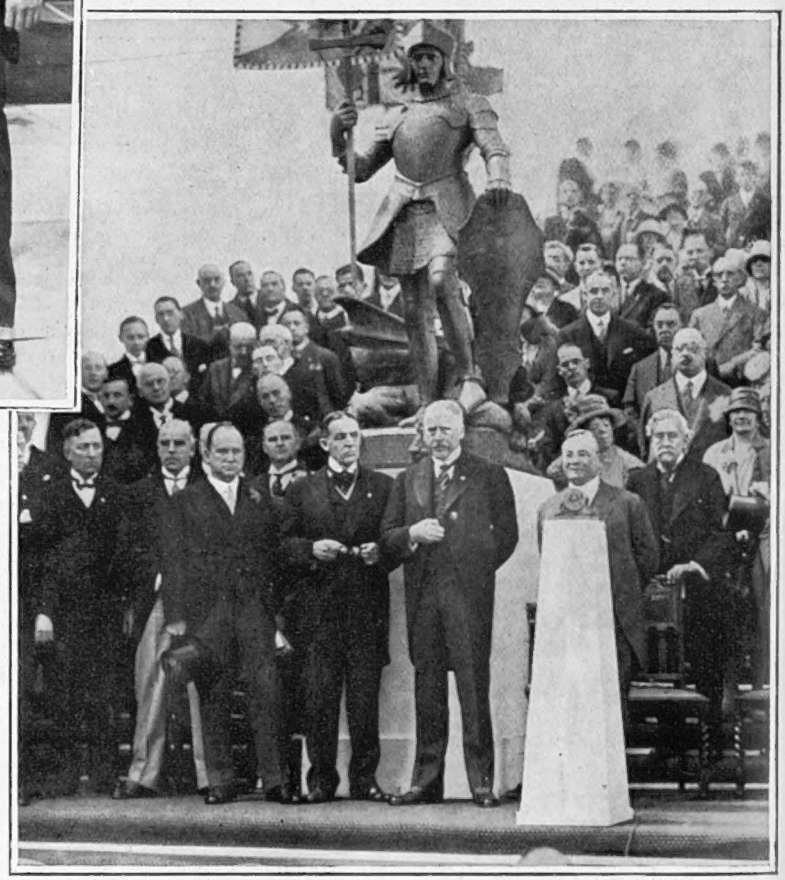
As you know, a year ago Europe was startled by the news that the heir to the Roumanian throne had left his wife and child and had renounced his right of succession, all for the *beaux jeux* of another lady. And he has been living ever since with this lady at a villa at Neuilly, near Paris. To put it bluntly, Prince Carol has made scandal after scandal. Before he left Roumania the Prime Minister was forced to ask him to "exercise more discretion in his private life."

Even the humblest of folk can't throw their bonnets over windmills, not once but over and over again, with impunity. When it is an heir to a throne there are graver and higher considerations. All the world loves a lover—of one woman. But when the heir to a throne puts the love of a succession of women before his future responsibilities, lets those responsibilities go hang for the sake of those women, and gives up his right of succession because his public indiscretions are objected to by his father's Government, there is only one thing to be said. The young man has failed in his duty to the country which, by his birth, he was called upon to govern. Obviously, his only thought has been himself, never the least consideration for his country or family, or a glimmer of understanding that in following what someone has aptly described as his "volatile amorousness" he might plunge Roumania into civil war and set the Balkans aflame from end to end.

G.P.U.

LORD CECIL DOUGLAS

Leaving Princes Row Registry Office with his bride, Mrs. Ruby Kirkley. He is the only brother of the Marquess of Queensberry



AT OLYMPIA *L.N.A.*

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, seen immediately behind the microphone opening the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia last week. The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy and Sir Lawrence Weaver are seen on his immediate right

Topical

THE COMTESSE J. DE BRETEUIL

Two of those who are indulging in pigeon shooting at Deauville

Topical

PRINCE PHILIPPE DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY

Royal Privation and the Future

KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA was overshadowed, even in the days when they were Crown Prince and Princess, by his wife, Queen Marie, and perhaps more so when she became the most picturesque Queen in Europe. But it was he who decided to put his country on the side of the Allies; and though his decision may have at the time seemed somewhat disastrous, in the end King Ferdinand was proved to be in the right.

Myself, I always feel we English people never understood the full significance of King Ferdinand's support of the Allies. He was born a Hohenzollern—of the Roman Catholic Sigmaringen branch of the family, really the elder branch. On the ground of relationship the ex-Kaiser fulminated the horrors that would befall Roumania if he did not remain neutral. King Ferdinand joined the Allies and experienced all the horrors threatened by his then Imperial cousin. His

British Illus.

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

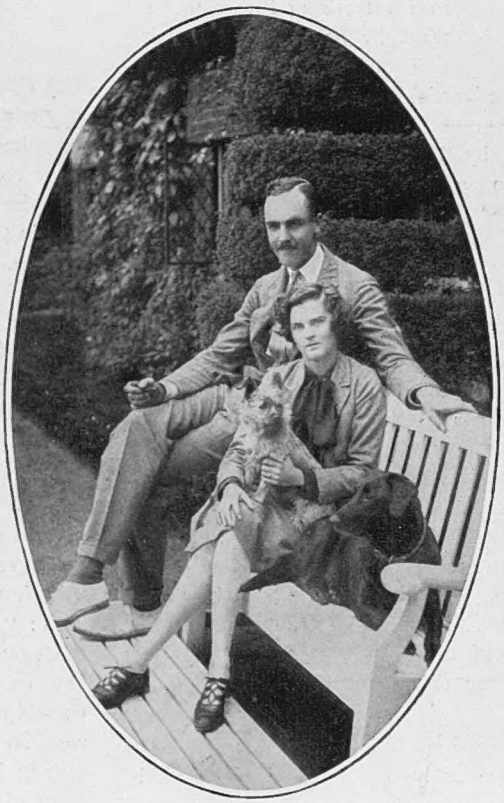
Lord Weymouth photographed with his fiancée, the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Lord Weymouth is heir to the Marquess of Bath

country was overrun and devastated, and he, his Queen, and his family were reduced to semi-starvation at Jassy, the last bit of Roumanian land left to him.

The ex-Kaiser made the same threats to King Constantine of Greece. He remained neutral, but lost his throne. King Ferdinand's service to the Allies brought him Bessarabia, the Bukovina, and Transylvania—an addition of eight million people to the eight million people of Roumania.

But the reward may bring great difficulty to Roumania because of the position of Prince Carol. Russia wants Bessarabia, and Hungary wants Transylvania restored within their frontiers. We all know what propaganda can do. Here you see what can happen just because a young man, born to great responsibilities, puts the eternal feminine before those responsibilities.

Hundreds of people have proved that "The world is well lost for love." The difficulty for Roumania—and perhaps for Europe—is whether Prince Carol will acquiesce in what the quotation implies for his father's kingdom. He has renounced his right of succession. But then, people often ask for the slice of cake they have refused. It will be interesting to see what happens.



A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Marian Montagu-Douglas-Scott, with her fiancé, Mr. Andrew Ferguson, of the Life Guards. She is a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch

KING MICHAEL OF ROUMANIA *Keystone*

The five-year-old son of the ex-Crown Prince Carol and Princess Helen, who has been proclaimed King of Roumania on the death of his grandfather, King Ferdinand. During his minority a Regency Council of three has been appointed

Vandyk

THE BRIDAL RETINUE

A group taken after the wedding at St. Bartholomew the Great of Mr. Whitman Willcox Kenyon and Miss Barbara Mary Game, the daughter of Mr. Herbert A. Game, a distinguished Cambridge oarsman. Following the American custom, the bridegroom was attended by a number of groomsmen

The Rag Bag Club

We all know the excellent work done by the Lena Ashwell Players in giving plays in the poorer quarters, whose inhabitants have no other opportunity of seeing good drama and comedy. Their headquarters in London is the Century Theatre in Archer Street. Obviously their work cannot be self-supporting, so in order to help them a club, called the Rag Bag Club, has been formed, with Viscountess Curzon as chairman, Lady Simson (Miss Lena Ashwell), the Hon. Victor Spencer, Mr. Charles B. Cochran, and others as committee. The club started very happily last week with an entertainment called "The Cocktail Hour," at the Century Theatre. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, in garments that suggested something in a Russian ballet, was most amusing, and Miss Penelope Spencer was first quaint and then rather startling in two dances in which she wore masks by Mr. Oliver Messell. But the best of all were the negro spirituals by Miss Rosamond Johnson and Mr. Taylor Gordon.

You can get particulars of the club from the secretary, Miss Millicent Stewart, the Century Theatre, Archer Street, W.11.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Great Convention

PROGRESS is largely a matter of quiet evolution, but every now and again Progress takes the bit in its teeth and moves forward by obvious and irresistible strides. This happened with the advertising profession last week, when the great Convention and Exhibition organised by leading publicity men was carried to a triumphant conclusion at Olympia.

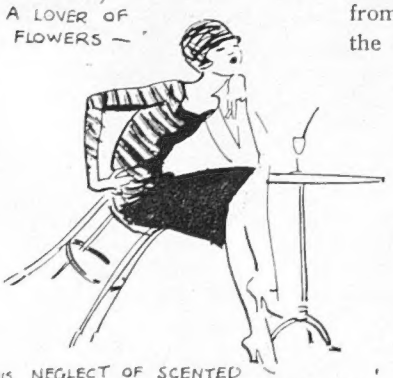
A Growing Force

THE advertising interests of Great Britain have developed quietly but surely during the past few years, and it only needed some such spectacular demonstration to bring the fact home to the general public. Not that the fact caused much surprise to thinking men and women. For some time past the most casual glance at the advertisement pages of such papers as this BYSTANDER must have made it apparent that a great and growing force was stirring in the commercial world, and that the commercial prosperity of these islands was largely dependent upon this development.

A Magnificent Impetus

UNTIL recently the conservative mind viewed advertising with a certain suspicion, but such silly ideas were blown sky-high in the moment of national crisis. During the early days of the War the authorities advertised for an Army, and the army appeared in a night. When money was needed, the same means were successfully adopted; and more recently our Empire trade has received a magnificent impetus as the result of a wise and far-reaching scheme of publicity. Our great drapers have built up magnificent country connections through the medium of the Press, and most of the great commercial fortunes of to-day come from the same source. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of advertisement!

'YESTERDAY I MET A LOVER OF FLOWERS —'



'THIS NEGLECT OF SCENTED THINGS IS LITTLE SHORT OF CRIMINAL'

The Scent of Flowers

YESTERDAY I met a lover of flowers who had never smelt the scent of a sweet-briar rose, and I realised with a shock that we have cultivated our gardens until nothing but large and highly-coloured petals remain. Does one smell musk nowadays? How often is the old-fashioned moss-rose met with in a modern garden? Where are the sweet-smelling herbs of yester-year? This neglect of scented things is little short of criminal, and I hope that someone will be hanged for it. After, all, God *did* give us noses!

A Test of Intelligence

A VISITOR to Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the humorist, at his Berkhamsted retreat, says: "He is now sixty-three, with hair of that pure whiteness so rarely encountered save on intelligent heads." I wonder, when these lines were idly penned, did the writer consider the heart-burnings for which he was making himself responsible. Must one have white hair to be considered intelligent? Is one, necessarily, intelligent because one's hair is white? It is a large question.

Black and White

WE know the gentleman who told his mother, in lyrical fashion, that as her hair grew whiter he would love her more. But we are not to assume that this access of filial piety was due to the intelligence of the old lady in question. I, myself, know some terribly intelligent men whose hair ranges from the rather distinctive shades sported by Mr. Lytton Strachey and Mr. Mostyn Pigott to the lion's mane of Mr. Mark Hambourg, which in spite of his

'IS ONE NECESSARILY INTELLIGENT BECAUSE ONES HAIR IS WHITE?'

undoubted intelligence, was anything but white when he started on his present tour in South America. As I said, it is a large question.

The Woman of Forty

TALKING of white hair, we have been recently plunged into a discussion as between Miss Fannie Ward and Sir William Orpen on the respective merits of the ever youthful and the graciously old. We must admit that the dividing line between youth and age has been pegged back a decade. A woman is no longer old at forty—why should she be? A woman of forty is in the prime of life and at the height of her physical attraction. But when the woman of sixty apes the woman of forty—that is a very different kettle of fish.

Actress and Artist

THIS is the period of life over which the actress and the artist are at odds. If we listened to Miss Fannie Ward we should suffer from a plague of elderly flappers worse than all the plagues of Egypt. The flapper of twenty is a bit of a trial, but from the flapper of fifty may we be spared! Why should we be robbed of the charms of maturity because Miss Fannie Ward happens to have forgotten to grow up? Sir William Orpen speaks of a sitter who is "far more beautiful in the grace of her years than she ever was when young." I am sorry for the woman who cannot find consolation in such a prospect.

Poor Vienna!

THE last time I was in Vienna two points of interest were quickly apparent. The first was that a taxi and a couple of theatre seats cost the best part of a million krönen, and the second was a procession of unemployed which took three hours to pass the Bristol Hotel. There was no sign of active unrest in those days, but the soil was waiting for the Bolshevist seed, and the harvest is now to hand. Poor Vienna!—no longer prosperous and no longer gay!

By David Wilson

DISARMAMENT!

Mr. Edgar and Mr. Swan

PICCADILLY is "coming up," and I must say that my sympathies are with those tradesmen whose spirits are down in a corresponding degree. As Mr. Edgar probably said to Mr. Swan: "Why the dickens couldn't they re-make the road while we were re-building the shop?" This may not have been possible, but it seems hard on people who have spent a mint of money on nice new shops to find that the public will be practically prevented from patronising them for some weeks on end. This looks like being a summer and autumn of discontent so far as Piccadilly is concerned.

Rather Tactless

QUITE a number of criminals will be interested to learn that nothing is to be gained by splitting on a pal. Apparently, the Law is of opinion that none but honest men should benefit when thieves fall out, but I doubt the policy of broadcasting the great truth. This seems to me to be one of those cases in which the said Law has gone out of its way to prove itself a bit of an ass—a rather tastless ass, if I may say so without giving undue offence in those high quarters from which the decree emanated.

An Honest Counsel

COUNSEL for the prosecution having said the defendant was drunk because he could not tell the time without looking at his watch was rather obviously challenged by counsel for the defence to engage in this new pastime on his own account, and when he failed to make good the defendant was discharged from custody. Myself, I applaud the honesty of counsel for the prosecution. It would have been so easy for him to look at his watch before starting the discussion. But perhaps he didn't think of that.

When the Swallows—

ONE has only to keep one's eyes open to realise the truth of the saying that the London Season does not end with the Goodwood and Cowes exodus. London never was as "empty" as the fashionable reporters loved to assert, but in these days of motors the social swallows come flying home to roost after a day on the Solent or among the Sussex hills above Chichester. And what a chattering of gossip and scandal is heard in the dance-clubs, theatres and cabarets that they do most frequent.

Fruitless Speculation

A CONTEMPORARY has compiled a list of reasons why people arrive late at the theatres. Some of these reasons are most ingenious, having to do with curry, coffee and traffic jams, but I fancy the writer might have saved his ink. To prevent any further misunderstanding or fruitless speculation, let me say that a man is late because a woman is late, and a woman is late because she is always late. This seems to cover the question fairly completely, so I will leave it at that.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

At Liverpool

LIVERPOOL'S summer meeting is always one of the most pleasant of the season. For some reason fields are never very big, but many of the stakes are valuable and the competitors are of good class. Few people expected to see Grand Glacier win the Molyneux Cup for the second time, but he apparently has a liking for this course, and he proved just too good for Lord D'Abernon's gallant little filly Dian. Lord Beaverbrook is now enjoying a spell of racing luck. Following his success at Newmarket with Alacrity, he landed a fine stake when Restigouche carried off the St. George Stakes last week. The defeat of Bythorne in this race came as a bit of a surprise to Lord Derby, but the filly ran up against a much-improved colt in the winner. Do not be surprised to see Restigouche render a good account of himself in the St. Leger. Obviously, the colt stays well, and now that Call Boy cannot be among the competitors the last of the season's classic events does not look like being a difficult race to win.

A Suggestion

I THINK it a great mistake that a race like the Goodwood Cup should close some weeks before the opening of the flat-racing campaign. It usually means that many of the animals entered for the race are found to have no earthly chance of winning long before the date of running. This is the cause of small and often wretchedly uninteresting fields for what should be one of the most attractive races of the whole season. I shall be told that entries would be considerably reduced if they were to close a month or two before the meeting. My own opinion is that you would get a stronger entry, certainly in point of quality if not in numbers. This year the Goodwood Cup closed on March 1 with forty-three entries. The race would have fared a great deal better from the public's point of view if it had closed on July 1 with only twenty entries, especially if the scale of penalties and allowances were rearranged. I present this suggestion to the Duke of Richmond in the belief that it would considerably increase the popularity of this historic race, on which he expended £1000 in added money.

Cup Prospects

IT is understood that Foxlaw has run his last race, while Glommen gave a deplorable exhibition at Ascot. In any case, these horses are penalised up to the hilt for the Goodwood Cup. I suppose the best of those remaining in the race is Dark Japan. His display in the Ascot Gold Cup showed that he is not quite the super-stayer that many people believed him to be after his slashing victories in the Chester Cup and Manchester Cup. Still, in the comparatively moderate company in which he will find himself this week, he should have no trouble in getting the course.

It is hoped at Newmarket that Mistley will run well in the Cup race, but I can perceive no reason why he should be expected to beat **Dark Japan** at a difference of only 5 lb. In fact, it looks a pretty good thing for this importation from France to carry off another trophy for the Aga Khan.

Crack Two-year-olds

WHICH is the best of the two-year-olds we have seen so far? Until the National Breeders' Produce Stakes was run the distinction could have been claimed for Fairway. But I am doubtful whether Lord Derby's colt would have done any better in the Sandown race than Flamingo did, and for the moment I hesitate to say which is the smarter of these two colts. Sir Laurence Philipps is lucky to have found such a high-class youngster as Flamingo in what is practically his first year on the Turf. What is more, he gave a very reasonable sum for the colt, who is a long way superior to those who fetched four or five times as much in the yearling market. In all probability the two-year-old events at Goodwood will throw further light on the best juvenile form. It is possible for Fairway and Flamingo to meet during the week, but we may have to wait until the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster before they come together.

Goodwood Handicaps

AN interesting problem for backers on Wednesday will be the Goodwood Stakes. In view of the fact that Incitatus II has been second in his last two races, one naturally wonders whether he will go one better this time. Lady Ludlow's horse did not appear quite to stay home when he ran at Newmarket, so I am inclined to think that the extra distance at Goodwood will be too much for him. I expect "Teddy" Martin to saddle a formidable competitor in **Eagle's Pride.** He is suitably handicapped with Incitatus II, and I am convinced that he will get the trip. On the same afternoon **Kincardine** should win the Sussex Stakes, and **Hakim** looks a good thing for the Lavant Stakes. On Friday the Chesterfield Cup has all the makings of a great race. Quality is splendidly represented with Embargo and Pons Asinorum at the head of the handicap. Among the three-year-olds, Knight of the Grail should give a good account of himself. Volta's Pride and Blueberg both have chances on their recent Sandown running, but if **Embargo** is at his best he should win in spite of his big weight.

Happenings of Note in Polo Circles

British Illus.

SPECTATORS AT HURLINGHAM

Lady Zia Wernher, with her children, who are already keen followers of polo, photographed at Hurlingham. They were among the onlookers at the match between El Gordo and Scopwick

L.N.A.

THE EL GORDO TEAM

Who lost to Scopwick. The players were the Duke of Peñaranda, 1 (left), the Marquis of Villabragima, 2, Wing-Cmdr. P. K. Wise, 3, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill, back

News Illus.

ARMED FOR THE FRAY

Members of the 11th Hussars team, which beat the Royal Dragoons at Roehampton, arriving very completely equipped for their match. The photograph shows Mrs. Verelst, Captain R. W. Verelst, Mr. D. J. H. Allenby and Mr. D. S. Schreiber

British Illus.

AT HURLINGHAM

The summer this year being conspicuous by its absence, the shady hats and flimsy frocks are out of the picture. However, Miss P. Saxova and Miss H. Coglan, having dressed with a sensible regard to the vagaries of the weather, were able smilingly to brave the rigours of an Arctic July

A QUIET CHAT *News Illus.*

Miss Forester, Mr. Cook and Mr. Walford photographed at Roehampton. This was on the occasion of the game between the 11th Hussars and the Royals in the Roehampton Military Cup. The Hussars received ½ a goal start, and won by 5½ goals to 4 after a hard game

POLO AT STOKE D'ABERNON *Sport and General*

The Royal Artillery (Woolwich) team photographed during the Junior Challenge Cup Tournament at Stoke D'Abernon, Cobham, Surrey. Capt. H. C. Cory (left), Capt. E. T. A. G. Boylan, Capt. G. F. Campbell and Mr. W. R. Revill Smith. The R.A. beat the Remnants in the first round very easily

GOLFING GESTURES

THE GREATEST TEST OF ALL

By "PENDARVES"

It is ridiculous for us to grumble because, during the course of this short and hectic season, we have lost the tennis, the middle-weight boxing championship, and the palm of British golf to an American woman and two American men respectively. In all three cases superlative form, far better than anything we were capable of putting up, got away with it. And why the Americans *shouldn't* be better than we are at a fight or a game I never can understand.

To realise just what it means for a man to be able to emerge victorious over all comers—over 188 comers in this case—at the end of that awful week of strain at St. Andrews, a little thumb-nail reflection or two upon the inner meaning of "The Open" will not be amiss. And when reflecting it is as well to remember that it is psychologically far harder for an American to do it than for a Britisher. For if ever there was a place in all the golfing resorts of the world where a man is most likely to be "downed" temperamentally it is in that grim, dour, critical, historical home of golf, St. Andrews: and there is no possible doubt whatever that in the case of Bobby Jones, only a youngster in age, every single man, woman, and child of the eight to ten thousand spectators who thronged the Old Course daily during those fateful rounds of his, while lifting all their hats to his unique prowess, were absolutely *longing* to see him fail for the Old Country's sake.

He overcame all that. He played consistently superb golf day after day. He did not allow himself, as well he might, to be put off for a single instant of those nerve-racking hours by his ball, perfectly hit, striking a spectator and falling into a bunker. He waited calmly for long minutes between *every* stroke while the scurrying hordes were stilled and some sort of a narrow path cleared for his ball's progress. Cameras clicked while he was in act to putt. Noses were blown during his downward swings—everything, in fact, militated against the giving of his best. And in spite of all that he gave not only a peerless exhibition of the game, but a far better all-round show than the very pick and bulk of the world's best golfers could achieve. Those are the facts. And the imagination, at least of this writer, who knows only too well the "atmosphere" of St. Andrews and the difficulties of its terrain, is reduced to dumbness. There are no words.

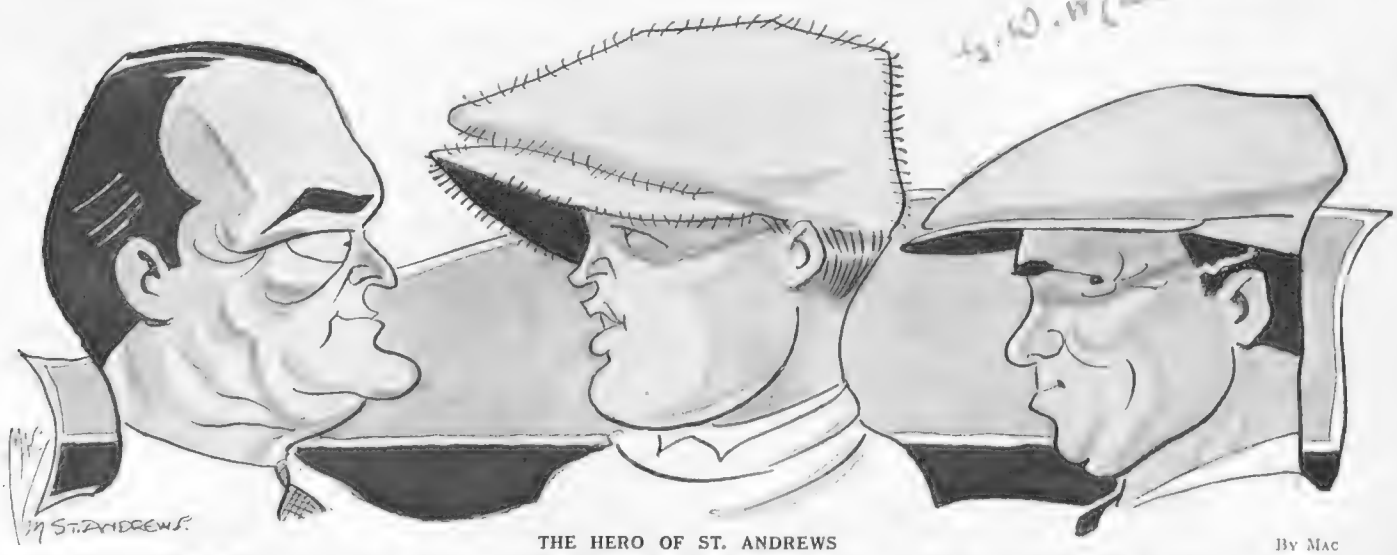
On the last day an exceptional, I suppose a unique, situation arose in that there was only one man in it, with a large field of all the brightest and best following, faint but pursuing, *their only chance* being that the cogs somewhere in this inhuman machine would slip: that the engine would lessen its ruthless revolutions for a space. But no; Mr. Robot Jones went on—and on—and on. . . . ! Exit Jones, still holding our Championship very firmly in both hands.

Imagine the feelings of some of these Open Championship candidates during this dread week. Monday and Tuesday to qualify—perhaps. A round on the Wednesday: another on the Thursday: two more on Friday. But by Thursday night away goes everyone who is 15 strokes or so behind the leaders. Think what this means. You may be off your game slightly during the first couple of days, and *that* will out you. Or you may begin brilliantly and then go off a bit: *that* will probably dispose of you. It may rain like Hades and blow while you are on your game, to its decided detriment, and be brilliantly fine and calm when everything is going wrong for you—and it is *then* the iron will enter your soul.

Other things, utterly unforeseen, will in all probability happen. Take two typical cases this year. Robot Jones stands on the last tee, needing only a three to beat Duncan's record. A three was a perfectly feasible thing for him in his then form. He has to wait an unconscionable time to drive, as 5,000 people had to be cajoled out of the way by the patient stewards. A narrow lane was eventually cleared. His second was on the green ten yards short of the hole. He shapes to make the putt which may mean the record for him. The silence is absolute. His concentration is intense. Suddenly from the first tee, adjacent, a stentorian voice yells "Fore!" He didn't *appear* to be affected—but the ball rolled a foot past the hole: and that was that.

Archie Compston being in act to drive off the 14th tee is persecuted by a spectator running across immediately behind him, with the result that he skied the ball out of bounds, and that hole cost him 10 strokes. Can anything more maddening be conceived? Another perilous thing for a man whose nerves are all on edge is to hear, as some of them did this year, a couple of bookmakers at the second hole shouting the odds against them. Jim Barnes heard himself yelled as 33 to 1 against; and Bobby Jones at 10 to 1 against. One can only hope half a hundred people registered bets on Jones with these Glasgow individuals before they were warned off, as they very soon were. A nice thing it would be, when approaching your second green, having played a shaky first hole, to hear brazen voices bellowing, "Now 'ere y'are: I'll lay 33 ter 1 Pendarves. . . ."

Fortunately, the great game is immune from that sort of thing, as yet: especially as played by—well, some of us!



THE HERO OF ST. ANDREWS By Mac

A caricature of Mr. Bobby Jones (centre), who won the Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews, with his father (left). On the right is seen Stewart Maiden, who schooled the champion in the game

Cold Comfort

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An elegant device now in use at many seaside boarding houses to obviate the rather indelicate act of blowing on one's food to cool it

Produced June 8, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

WITHIN two minutes or so of the rising of the curtain a Silent intruder has been Silently strangled by a Silent Chinaman, who flings the Silent body into the Silent recesses of a cupboard behind the fireplace. I mean, this is business. After that you naturally sit up with lively expectations of a very jolly evening. The scene is a house on Barnes Common which young Captain Winsford has inherited from his late uncle, who was killed by a coping stone that fell on his head as he was coming out of the front door. We have a clear suspicion as to who it was that dropped a brick of that magnitude, only, of course, we mustn't say anything.

CAPTAIN WINSFORD'S inherited household includes an English manservant who appears to be above suspicion, and a Chinaman whose office does not seem very well defined. It is he, for instance, who does the silent strangling act at the opening of the play, but even in Barnes, I take it, it is not the rule to keep an expert strangler on the premises to deal silently and efficiently with unwelcome callers. The unhappy victim, now presumably lying stiff and cold in his secret cupboard, was named Mateo. He had broken into the Silent House in order to secure some Bonds to Bearer which are hidden somewhere about the place, and which are worth a cool quarter of a million sterling. The faithful Oriental retainer who did him in at the moment of his triumph is named Ho Fang. He seems to have got the Fang part all right.

ONE of the earliest callers on Captain Winsford is the child-like and bland Dr. Chan Fu, a Chinese doctor (a remarkably well-acted part by Mr. Franklin Dyall), who is out after the Bonds to Bearer, though he is, of course, too polite to mention the fact all at once. He speaks of them as scientific papers of no commercial value, for which he would like to search if Captain Winsford has no objection. Having shaken hands with himself with true Oriental ceremony, the Doctor then takes his leave. A few moments later a lovely young girl, who seems more or less of a nervous wreck, comes stumbling through the garden windows and begs that Captain Winsford will not thrash her. That is, of course, the last thing the Captain would think of doing. Besides, they are not even married. We gather that the young girl, who is called T'Mala, has been hypnotised by the Chinese doctor in the hope that she will develop enough second sight to enable her to locate the Bonds to Bearer and bring them to him for realisation.

Stage Photo Co.

A LITTLE OF THE "ROUGH STUFF"

Franklin Dyall (left) as Dr. Chan Fu and Leon Peroda (Albert Bronelt) (right) watch Benson (Arthur Stratton) making himself a little unpleasant to T'Mala (Norah Robinson). The slung revolver and sinister fingering of moustache bear eloquent testimony to the villainy of Monsieur Leon

WINSFORD does all that is possible to cheer the poor girl up a bit, and then he sends her back home. He has to get on with his search for the Bonds to Bearer, as they will be valueless unless negotiated within a few days. He turns the house upside down, and literally knocks all the stuffing out of the upholstered furniture, without coming across so much as a ticket in a raffle. Just then the manservant appears with a letter for the Captain. It comes from an anonymous sympathiser who claims to know the secret of the hidden Bonds. All the Captain has to do is to press a knob here and there on the mantelpiece, and a trap-door will open revealing the treasure he seeks. And just as he is in the act of turning the last of the knobs

the girl T'Mala rushes in and shrieks to him to bob down because he is spotted, or something like that. He has just time to duck promptly when a shot rings out through the aperture he has opened, while the crashing of a china vase at the other end of the room is clear evidence that the man behind the gun means business.

THEN things move swiftly. Dr. Chan Fu calls with a sinister Portuguese friend to say that he will be glad if Captain Winsford will deliver up to him the girl T'Mala, who is a patient in his nursing home. The Captain chivalrously declines to do anything of the kind, as T'Mala is clearly being ill-treated by her jailers. High words follow, and the Captain is finally moved to cover his guests with a revolver, while requesting them to leave the premises at once. Just at that moment the doctor's Portuguese friend has a clear brain-wave. He draws a knife and throws it with a nice skill that downs the Captain in a heap, and you can see the nasty thing sticking out of his back as he falls on his face to the ground.

NEXT we go to the "Red House" at Barnes, which would seem quite to justify its name, as the term is understood nowadays. Dr. Chan Fu is getting desperate. He must, and will, possess those five Bonds to Bearer, and he is obsessed with the idea that T'Mala knows where they are, but refuses to tell, and little birds that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing.

So the suave Doctor points out coldly to T'Mala that if she will not speak he will put her into a cupboard which he will fill gradually with poison gas of an unusually corrosive kind. In about five minutes she will be without a face worth talking about, and then life will become extinct, and, a little later, convenient chemicals will cause what is left of her body to disappear as completely as if she had never been. As T'Mala cannot speak, for the simple reason that she has nothing to say, she is flung into the cupboard, through the glass door of which we can see her coughing and choking in a cloud of gas, and the excitement becomes perfectly lovely.

THEN Captain Winsford turns up in pursuit of the girl, as now they have taken that horrid knife out of his back he is feeling quite fit again. Chan Fu affects magnanimously to release T'Mala, but just as the young people are rejoicing in their freedom they observe that a steel door has closed on them, hermetically sealing the room, while the poison gas is turned on, full steam, and there seems no prospect before them but Death. Just as matters are as bad as they can be the faithful Ho Fang drops through a hole in the ceiling, to the loud cheers of the audience, and Winsford and T'Mala are Saved Again. In the last Act the young people are once more threatened by an untidy death, and once more the trusty Ho Fang butts in to defeat Vice, and to ensure the triumph of Virtue.

HO FANG is excellently represented by Mr. George Pickett, while Mr. Basil Foster trips lightly and jestingly through the trying part of Captain Winsford. Miss Norah Robinson gives a convincing picture of the young lady under the influence, and Mr. Henry Kendall helps the fun along with his lively humour. JINGLE.

PUTTING IT TO THE HOUSE *Stage Photo Co.*

A small committee meeting of the male characters, who seem to be putting a vote to a "Silent House," which is not unknown in other spheres. Left to right: Dr. Chan Fu (Franklin Dyall), Hwang (Eric Croall), Jacob Hetherington (J. J. Bartlett), Capt. George Winsford (Basil Foster), and Capt. Philip Barty (Henry Kendall)

By Graham Simmons

A TAKING PROPOSITION

Practical Father: "Your Communism is very stupid. If everything was divided up, in a very short time your portion would be gone; and what would happen then?"
Communistic Daughter: "Divide again!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A certain American millionaire is described as having a jaw like granite. Maybe he is one of those rock-fellahs.

. . . . .

A Pæan of Pickles

I am aware some folk will take
Mustard as relish with their meat,
While others never would forsake
Salt with each blessèd thing they eat;
Some let some sauce their palate tickle—
I sing the praises of the Pickle!

You take your choice of various kinds:
Walnuts for some have most appeal,
And pickled chutney oft one finds
Conducive to a hearty meal;
Some pick a hot sort, which is Chili;
And some pick on a Piccalilli!

I know that I'd be sure to get
An angry feeling 'neath my jerkin
Were I unable to coquet
At dinner with the juicy gherkin:
Nor could I crack a wheeze, a funny 'un,
If I perchance were off my onion!

And yet to-day I'm off this feed.
I plunged upon a racing track,
And found that I could not succeed,
Whatever nag I chanced to back;
So, left by Fortune, who is fickle,
I find I'm in a pretty pickle!

Esther Stuff to Give 'em!

See, Esther, here's a cosy nook,
Free from the "tripper" fiends who pester:
Now we can eat, and take a sweet siesta!

. . .

It is now claimed that lawn tennis originated in America. Way down in Tennissee, we presume.

. . .

A house-breaker who got through the window of a Birmingham jeweller's shop seems to have taken advantage of an opening that presented itself.

. . .

"Would you advise me to have my hair shingled or bobbed?"

"Well, dear, you must please yourself; but I always think hair like yours would look just as well jugged."

. . .

"How do you get on with Reggie?"

"I regard him merely as a dance tease."

Because he refused to move on when ordered, a cornet player has been fined. He seems to have been prepared to blow the consequences.

. . . . .

Stage Silhouettes
(Little Tich)

A little touch of Little Tich
Sets in a roar both poor and rich,
As round the stage he'll twirl and spin.
His place is safe in Humour's niche,
Which merely proves, once more, one Tich
Of Nature makes the whole world grin!

. . . . .

Two real Leicester "lidies" recently agreed to box for ten rounds. There must have been some claws in that agreement.

. . . . .

Next winter we are promised a revival of roller skating. We have sad memories of former days when we used to Limp at Orynkia.

. . . . .

Extract from an interview:—"The famous humorist said that he wrote all his quips with a funtain pen." Why doesn't he, for a change, try writing 'em with a fountain pun?

. . . . .

A Thought

The thing that we want to know is this:—What about this disarmistice?

By Thomas Somerfield

A PROFIT ACCOUNT

English Golfer (*on Scottish links*): "Who holds the record for this course?"
Scot: "A fellie named MacNab. He's been a member-r for thrree years an' lost ainly wan ba'l!"

"On the Light Fantastic Toe"

Peter North

MADAME DANILOVA

Who is appearing with great success in the Russian Ballet at the Princes Theatre. She is shown here in the original dress which she wears in the ballet of the Firebird

At Home to the Camera

Madame Yevonde

Lady Moira Combe, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, with her two children, Audrey and Peter. Her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe, D.S.O., is in the Royal Horse Guards

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"More or less dubious tourists"

MES AMIS—

I SUPPOSE that if there is one man in Paris who knows which way the wind blows it is Pierre Veber. Not only has he been carrying out observations for a good number of years, from a private observatory which catches all the currents that waft along the boulevards, but he has usually contrived to sail successfully along the favourable ones. If there is but a capful of breeze, as the Breton sailors say, M. Veber can be counted on to pick it up for the benefit of his theatrical productions.

IT being therefore established by the aforesaid testimony that Pierre Veber is a Man Who Knows, we are able to assume with an adequate amount of certainty that the number of Parisians who are stopping at home this summer, instead of holiday-making *à la mer* or *à la montagne*, is very considerable, as M. Veber has just presented a new *revue* that he would never have wasted on a city empty of Parisians and abandoned to more or less dubious tourists. Pierre Veber's *esprit* is designed for Parisians. It may be understood by some tourists, but they have to know current French pretty well and be *à la page* so far as topical events are concerned or they will not extract the savour.

"The Place du Tertre"

THE wittiest *revue* that has been staged for a while, reviving the real *revue* tradition, *Spirit of Paris*, which is presented in the spacious Théâtre de la Madeleine, would have been held back for the autumn season had there not been an assurance in regard to audiences. Those British visitors to the capital who are constantly asking to be directed to the entertainments to which Parisians themselves go will now have at least one evening provided for. And if they do not seize all the topical allusions, there is an abundance of those which ought not to shoot past them.

PIERRE VEBER has very smartly made use of the recent Goodwill Week for one of his best "episodes" by associating it with the "scandals" of the Bois de Boulogne, the Adam and Eve parties in the remoter retreats of the woods, known as *partouzes*. *Partouzes*, incidentally, must have suffered a loss of popularity this summer. The Chief of Police had announced that he would put an end to them, and began a very disturbing series of midnight raids, but the rain must have been far more effective than the fear of raiders. Pyjama parties, even, would lack warmth on damp grass, and the fervents of the *partouzes* did not, as a rule, include pyjamas in their equipment, the back-to-nature revels generally following on champagne suppers at the night restaurants. I have often speculated on the perils of the pine-needle to *partouzers*, as the Bois is carpeted with these, but have never found anyone who could settle the problem.

IN the *Spirit of Paris* Pierre Veber leads a couple of typical *bourgeois* into the Bois de Boulogne, and there they encounter a couple of tramps, male and female. Under the influence of Goodwill Week they strip themselves to offer their garments to the rag-covered *hères*, and are feeling quite adequately clothed in righteousness till they run into a policeman, who arrests them on the charge of having participated in a *partouze*. The Spirit of Goodwill has

no effect whatsoever on the police.

THE police are useful to M. Veber, however, for he has naturally included an *intermède* concerning the escape from prison of Léon Daudet, the Royalist chief, about which they are still smarting. Another entertaining sketch deals ironically with the influence of the play *La Prisonnière* on chambermaids, though this seems to be rather invidious. The audiences at *La Prisonnière*, a piece that was banned in America and refused entry to England, were generally very fashionable, but perhaps M. Veber has a theory, "Like mistress, like maid."

"Enduring a plague of mosquitoes"

MONTMARTRE having done rather badly for the past few months in the sale of champagne seems to be finding consolation in a claim to the highest water-tower in the world, which has just been completed. There are, of course, a number of peculiar people in the world, but can you see anybody going to Montmartre to demonstrate an interest in water, even in a tall tower? I can't. It is not at all a bad-looking tower, but it pumps up the wrong stuff to make any appeal. I went near by the other day to see if the Americans, as alleged, had ruined the dear old Place du Tertre. I found it was an exaggeration. The Place du Tertre is still as charmingly provincial as ever at lunch-time, when the locals eat there, though a little less harmonious at dinner-time when the strangers gather. I suppose the lady who opens wide her lattice and sings thinks she is helping towards harmony, but she must be one of the few who think thus.

"The lady who opens wide her lattice and sings"

WELL-INTENTIONED people who are responsible for the Aubergenville Golf Club had an idea that they might popularise it by organising an "open" competition the other Sunday. Aubergenville is ideally situated for a week-end. On the famous Route des Quarante Sous, which leads to Deauville, it is within pleasant motoring distance of Paris, while the *cuisine* and the sleeping accommodation at the clubhouse are such that you could not ask for anything more delightful. Yet I fear that the scheme of the competition, as propaganda, was far from being a success.

WHETHER it was the effect of the wonderful lunch or not I cannot quite say, but most of the competitors found the course was nothing like wide enough for them. I happened to be playing with Phil Parsons, who is among the best of the golfers around Paris, and had the "rabbit's" revenge of watching him put thirteen balls out of bounds. And he was far from being the only one. There is no inducement that will draw a number of them out to Aubergenville again, despite its sylvan beauties.

AWAY in the outer suburbs the residents are enduring a plague of mosquitoes. You have no need to ask anybody if he lives in the city or out of it. You need only look at him. And there is nothing that gives greater annoyance to the folk from the suburbs at present than to hear the singing of "Mosquitoes," parodied from "Marcheta." Well, we have had to endure for a long while their boasting about their wonderful woods and romantic silent pools. Now that the still waters have run to life, with a bite that goes deep, it is our turn. The city has its compensations, after all. RENÉ.

A LONDONER has wagered that he will eat twenty-five crumpets straight off. Personally, we doubt whether the contest will go for more than fifteen (buttered) rounds.

. . . . .

Two kind-hearted solicitors in a County Court last week refused their costs. Now we know what the true meaning of "legal tender" is.

. . . . .

"WHAT sort of a girl is Doris to take out motoring?"

"My dear fellow, she's one in a pillion."

Vanity Bags

BY PETER

DISTINCTIONS WITH A DIFFERENCE AT GLENEAGLES

FIGHTING IT OUT AT GLO

Our artist's impression of a fighting finish at Goodwood. This popular and prettiest of meetings, which is h[illegible] this

By Albert Holiday

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD

hd this week, only needs a bright summer sun to make it one of the most enjoyable of the Season's functions

W. W. Rouch

No. 2.—LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD CORONACH, with his trainer, MR. FRED DARLING

Although lately he has been twice badly beaten by Colorado, he has won nearly £50,000 in stakes, including the Derby and the St. Leger. Nothing can alter the fact that at his best he has proved himself a great racehorse

PUBLICITY

A Short Story by HOLLOWAY HORN

It is twenty years since Lady Rearston was one of the bright stars of musical comedy, but she is still confident that British aristocracy has been greatly improved by her beauty and brains. A little inconsistently, perhaps, she rarely invites anyone connected with the stage to the famous house-parties at Rearston Parva.

On this occasion, however, Mary Devitt was staying with her. She possessed both beauty and brains in at least as great a degree as Lady Rearston had ever done, but how far her success in revue was due to them and how far to Rudolph Falk, her exceedingly clever press agent, is a matter outside the scope of this record. Beauty and brains alone would not have achieved an invitation to Rearston Parva; Lady Rearston, indeed, was inclined to distrust both attributes. But she happened to like Ronny Beccles, and he had persuaded her to send the invitation.

Lord Ronald Beccles was not merely the bearer of an ancient name; he had money, and, without being conspicuously intelligent, was no fool. His hostess may or may not have desired the still further improvement which would, presumably, have resulted from Mary's absorption into the aristocracy, but, in any case, it is not just to blame—or praise—her for what happened. Moreover, to do so is to ignore the considerable part played by the young gentleman known as Carleton Fenwick.

Mr. Fenwick had not been invited to Rearston Parva. In fairness to him one must add that if he had been of the party he would easily have passed muster; indeed, he would probably have been very popular with Joan Rearston's guests. Perhaps, however, he would have been the least shade too gentlemanly to have carried it off successfully.

He was a burglar, but at a casual glance it was the last profession one would have associated with him. A stockbroker, the secretary of a golf club, an auctioneer, a literary agent—any of these vocations might have been his if one judged from his appearance alone. But one would never have placed him as a cracksman.

No one in the village, of course, suspected that the American gentleman staying in the one hotel Rearston boasted was a very daring and efficient burglar.

The quiet and apparently wealthy American gentleman in cold truth had been born in Shadwell, but his accent was sufficiently life-like to deceive Rearston. His ancestors, he informed the hotel-keeper, had originally come from somewhere near Rearston, and he wanted to trace them. The landlord, describing him to the police a few days later, said that he was a "perfec' gent," and not even the cynical smile of the inspector in charge of the case could modify his opinion. To this day, in spite of all the evidence, the landlord refuses to believe that Mr. Fenwick was other than a very fine American type.

Rearston is within easy motoring distance of Linton, and most of her ladyship's guests attended the first day of the spring races there. The few who did not go spent the afternoon on the golf course. When they returned in the early evening they found that several of the bedrooms had been rifled. Lady Rearston discovered the burglary first, but within a few minutes most of the party were gathered excitedly together.

There had been some sort of celebration in the servants' hall, and from four-fifteen until five-thirty or thereabouts the butler admitted it was possible that there had been no servant at all on the upper floors. Beyond this no information appeared to be available. None of the servants had noticed anything out of the ordinary.

One of the maids reported a few minutes later that the door on the first floor leading from the fire-escape was open. The briefest examination revealed that it had been forced.

"Someone evidently entered through the rose garden," said Lady Rearston. "But what were the gardeners doing?"

Interviewed on the point, a gardener stated that the only person who had been in the garden that afternoon was the American gentleman staying at the Rose and Crown.

"An American gentleman, did you say?" her ladyship demanded.

"Yes, m'lady. He told me that you had invited him to look over the gardens."

"Well!" her ladyship protested, but the word gave quite inadequate expression to her feelings.

"The best thing we can do is to send for the police," someone suggested.

"In the meantime we had better see what has gone," Lady Rearston said. "My insurance, I think, covers all of us. . . . I hope it does, anyway."

It was a melancholy tale as one by one they came back to the hall.

Lady Rearston had lost most, but six of the other ladies had suffered.

The American gentleman had made an exceedingly good haul. A rough estimate, made there and then, put the value of the jewels he had taken at five thousand.

They were all so agitated that no one, excepting Ronny Beccles, noticed that Mary Devitt had not come down. His lordship waited anxiously.

When she did come there was an air about her, a suggestion of drama. By the time she had reached the half-landing every eye in the hall was on her. It was a perfect entrance—a great actress was lost when Mary Devitt went into revue.

"My pearls . . ." she said in a voice vibrant and low in the sudden silence. There was no display of emotion, but those who watched were conscious of her magnificent restraint. There was not an actress in London who could have done it more effectively.

"I'm . . . I'm most awfully sorry, dear," said her hostess.

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"It's just . . . luck," she said. "But they were rather nice ones."

Slowly she came down the remaining stairs. Slowly . . . and joined the others.

"I say, I *am* sorry, Mary," Ronny said as she came up to him.

"It can't be helped," she said, and smiled bravely.

"Look here," he said impulsively, "I . . . I shall insist on getting you another string . . ."

"Nonsense!" She spoke firmly; indeed, almost sharply.

"But really . . . I say, this must have been a knock for you! They were lovely pearls, too."

"My dear Ronny, I don't cry over spilt milk. I never have; I never shall. It is the basis of such philosophy as I possess."

"You're *fine!*" he said enthusiastically. "You're the best plucked little girl I've ever known. Upon my soul . . ."

"Yes?" she asked softly. They were standing by the big fireplace a little away from the others, among whom the excited chatter had recommenced.

"Look here, Mary . . . you know I'm dead keen on you?"

Again she smiled at him.

"Will you marry me?" he went on.

"To be quite frank, I haven't made up my mind yet, Ronny."

It was his turn to smile. "In any case," he insisted, "you might let me stand your loss."

"Don't you worry over that," she

(All rights strictly reserved)

said. "The one great drawback is that almost every actress in London has lost her pearls—at least once. There's nothing *to* it, as Rudolph Falk would say."

"Who on earth is Rudolph Falk?"

"A genius."

"Never heard of him. He sounds like a musician."

"No, he's a press agent."

"Plays on the organ of public opinion, as it were?"

"Ronny . . . you've made a joke!"

But there *was* something to it, in spite of what she had said.

. . . . . .

Mary was returning to town three days later. She was usually first down to breakfast, but on that last morning she found that her fellow-guests were before her. By her plate was a small registered parcel.

She opened it. Whatever Mary did she did with an air, with the consciousness of an audience. From the packet she took a string of pearls.

"My pearls!" she cried. "Look! . . . my pearls!"

They crowded round her. With the pearls was a letter, or, to be more exact, a typed statement.

"I have seen these pearls on your lovely neck in 'Aldwych Antics.' Once I saw the revue—and you—six nights in succession. I had no idea that you were at Rearston Parva, or that the pearls I stole were yours, until I read the account in the Press.

"But now that I do know, my memories of 'Aldwych Antics'—and of you—are as vivid as if it were yesterday. As I sat with your lovely pearls in my hand I could see *you*.

"The first night of your next play, 'Lady Fair,' cannot be far off. Will you wear the pearls I am sending back to you on that night? I shall be in the theatre . . . watching you.

"We shall never meet. You will never know who I am.

"Many men, of course, have loved you—many honourable men. And I am a crook—a burglar.

"But if sacrifice be the measure of love I do not fear comparison, for I send you back your pearls."

Mary, with frank exultation, read the statement aloud.

"What infernal impudence!" protested Ronny Beccles at the end.

"Still . . . he sent the pearls back," she pointed out, and smiled at some sudden thought as she fastened the string round her slender throat.

"By Jove!" said Ronny, in a different tone, "that burglar chap was right. They *do* suit you. Pearls . . . you should always wear pearls."

That evening in town Rudolph Falk heard the story from Mary.

For some moments he made no comment. Mary watched him and imagined that he was turning the thing over in his mind. Gradually he appeared to appreciate its significance and its possibilities. It seemed to grow on him, as it were.

"It's . . . it's a great story," he said at length, and fell into another and an even lengthier contemplation.

He took hold of that story, as he himself would have said, with both hands. He played variations on it in his imagination. He embroidered it, added to it, multiplied it. Claude Duval . . . romance . . . beauty that could soften the hardest criminal. The pathos, the simplicity, the romance of it all. Romance! *Romance!*

Mr. Falk was quite a good press agent even when he had very little to work on. But with the real stuff at his disposal he could and did make things hum. In his own language, they *lapped* it up, and then sat up and begged for more.

Would Mary Devitt wear her pearls on the first night of "Lady Fair"?

Would she?

Questions of merely national importance were as naught in comparison. Would Mary Devitt wear her pearls? The man sitting next to *you* in the gallery, or the pit, or the stalls, might be *the* man, the crook who loved her, who loved her more than pearls, more than money.

And on top of it came the news of her engagement to Lord Ronald Beccles.

Mary's admirers, with one exception, were delighted. And that exception, naturally, was Rudolph Falk.

"Marry? You're going to *marry* this fellow?" he asked in amazement.

Mary nodded.

"Are you . . . are you *serious?*" he demanded.

"Quite!" she said.

"And leave the stage? Not that?"

Again she nodded. "At the end of the run. I've promised him."

"It's . . . it's *sinful!*" he stormed. "Wicked! To go and waste this glorious publicity on a marriage. See here, Mary, you've gotta look at this thing straight . . ."

But she shook her head.

"It's . . . it's all wrong," he insisted ruefully. "Waste . . . waste . . ."

My Lord Beccles was inclined to be annoyed at Rudolph's attitude.

"I'm beginning to wish the pearls had never been returned," he grumbled. "I would far rather have replaced them myself than have all this fuss."

"Ronny . . . it's a dead secret . . . but I never had any pearls. They are fakes; beautiful—but fakes. Only an expert could tell them, but that's what they are. Falk gave them to me himself in connection with another little stunt of his. I don't suppose they cost three guineas."

"You shall have some real ones," he said. "I don't like your wearing fakes."

"I don't think you appreciate the joke in all this business, Ronny," she said with a smile. "Nobody does but Falk and me . . . and the burglar, of course. *He* knew they were fakes, I'll swear, and I should think he's tickled to death when he reads Falk's sob-stuff about the effect of my beauty on his soul."

. . . . . .

The first night was a magnificent success.

Mary had not worn the pearls in the first half of the show, but the audience still breathlessly hoped that she would.

She opened after the interval with her big number, "Dream Faces."

And she was wearing the pearls.

The house was reduced to silence; the effect of the song was trebled.

She was called and recalled.

It was a triumph not merely for Mary Devitt, but for the greatest of all press agents, Rudolph Falk. A triumph . . . but Rudolph was the one man in the theatre who had no part in the enthusiasm. To throw away the magnificent publicity he had given her, for marriage, saddened him. He was grim . . . unsmiling.

"Look at that fellow near the end of the second row," one enthusiastic girl suddenly said to another. "I'll bet anything you like he's the crook!"

But Rudolph was unaware of this final tribute. H. H.

CRICKETERS OF YESTERDAY

When these eyes are growing dim,
When the frame will not respond,
When the flagging wind and limb
Warn me of the Great Beyond,
Gladly will I go my way
With my friends of yesterday.

Give me meat, and give me wine:
When the stumps of life are drawn,
We shall sit us down and dine,
Men again of blood and brawn,
Feast and talk the hours away,
Cricketers of yesterday.

There shall be no heel-taps then . . .
Nectar of the gods on draught
For the throats of thirsty men,
Fellows who have lived and laughed,
Cricketers of yesterday,
When the bails are off for aye.

We shall fight the old games through,
Feel the ancient stress and strain;
In the fields beyond the blue
We shall walk the grass again.
Heaven send full hours of play
As in Cricket's yesterday.

G. D. Martineau.

BY H. M. BATEMAN

GREAT

Society Goes Racing

Topical

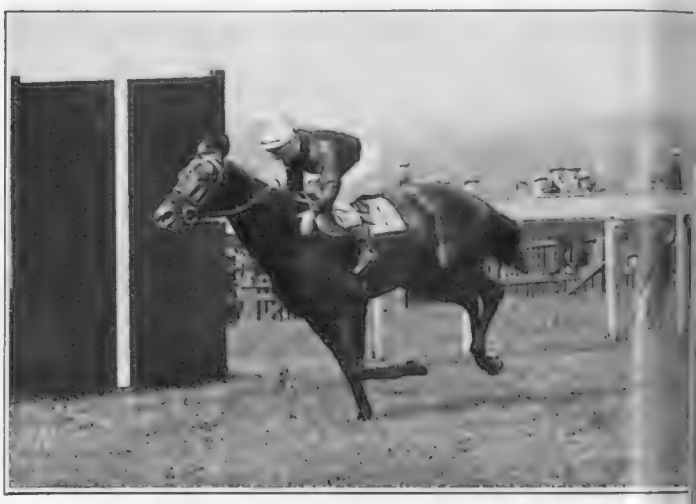
MISS BULLOUGH (left) AND THE HON. DIANA ALLSOPP

Alfieri

THE HON. MRS. BEATTY

Alfieri

MR. R. J. FARQUHARSON (left), LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN, THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD AND LORD PORTARLINGTON



AN EASY

Lord Derby's Colorado (Weston up) gaining an easy victory over the Ag

Sport and General

LORD PORTARLINGTON, SIR HILL AND LADY CHILD

News Illus.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH AND COLONEL AND MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY

at Sandown Park

Alfieri

LADY WESTMORLAND, LADY CHOLMONDELEY AND LORD MOLYNEUX

British Illus.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Alfieri

LADY ELTHAM AND MISS HASTINGS

Sport and General

WIN
Khan's : and Lord Woolavington's Coronach in the Eclipse Stakes

Alfieri

LORD D'ABERNON AND THE HON. GEORGE AND MRS. LAMBTON

Alfieri

MR. JARDINE, LADY BUCHANAN JARDINE AND LADY WODEHOUSE

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"I guess he's impatient sort of, to see his dear old mother (sobs)"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,—

It are non-doubtlessly a disputeless fact that to be a great and world-wide *literati* are not all stout and 9-pins, but more often as not, very to the contrary. The as follows extractions will prove to show that it are more lucrative to be a talentless muscular person who swims or bangs balls for cups and belts, than to escribe pure and beautiful thoughts which make this globe a more better 1 to live in.

Feb. 26-st.—I had not any sooner clapt my feet upon the free and enlightened soil of Boodleburg (more lovingly known as "Lil' ole Boodleburg"), the chiefest city of Hail Columbia, than the heretoforely mentioned reportings person whisked me into a luscious and fur-lined automobile car. Then, escorted by 7 or 9 exceedingly brass bands, we wended through the streets of Boodleburg, where 1,000s of Hail Columbians acclaimed vociferous cheers. In my innocents, I imagined to fondly suppose saidly persons were cheering because of my so world-wide literary genius. How sweetish it are, I bemused, to find a country which appreciates a great *literati* and loves learning, piety and poetics far more as money or suchly carnal dross. O how much better it are to purvey only pure and noble words, than to merely acquire enormous cash emoluments and suffer from dyspeptics in the stomach! I uttered these thoughts to Hon. reportings person of *The Hail Columbian Daily Eagle* at my side.

"Say, bo, that's fine. You got the right notion. Give 'em enough of that bunk, and they'll feed outer your hand," he responsed. "And see here, I've fixed up for your white-haired mother to be waiting for you. When she says 'I knew my boy would win through,' you gotter fall on her neck, see?"

"Excuse me to say that I entirely non-possess a white or other haired mother," I impopped.

"I've told you it's all fixed up. We gotter work in the sob-stuff so as to appeal to the mothers of Hail Columbia. They're the Big Noise, and what they say, goes. And say, wasn't your father born in Hail Columbia?"

"Indeedly no," I responsed. "My Hon. lamented masc parental was a *samurai*——"

"Nix on that, bo. See here now, your father was born in Hail Columbia of parents who'd emigrated from Japan. That sorter makes you a Hail Columbian. Our folk are the most generous and sporting people on earth, but they're real patriots and won't stand for no foreign heroes. You gotter be a Hail Columbian if you want to see your stock quoted."

I confess to admit that this Hon. reporting person's words were often more intelligibleless than the language of the Umboboes and the Hottentotters. But I possess very good linguistics, and trusted to hope I should succeed to acquire the tongue in not much more as a few days.

"In five minutes," Hon. friend informed, "the Mayor of Boodleburg will give you an official welcome. All you gotter do is to listen and smile kinder modest. Then you reply in a few simple, moving, he-man words."

"Impardon me to say that I non-sufficiently understand the tongue to adequately response in same," I imbegged.

"See here, I'll write you a spiel, and all you gotter do is to speak it, Mr. Hama."

(Continued on page 184)

"Suddenly I suffered a complete and tremendous embracing from an aged femn"

Glimpses of Two Films of Note

HOME FROM THE WAR

The scene in the Paris garret when Chicot (Charles Farrell) returns to Diane (Janet Gaynor), having been blinded whilst at the front. This is one of the most poignant incidents in the new William Fox film "Seventh Heaven"

A VENETIAN FÊTE

A scene from the film "Prince of Adventurers," distributed by the European Motion Picture Co., Ltd., which is founded on the autobiography of Casanova. For the filming of this scene the Italian authorities placed St. Mark's Square and a section of the Grand Canal at the disposal of the producer for twelve hours

He produced a typewriting mechanism from his pocket, and in less as a few tics had punched the requisite words out of same. Our automobile car had now stopped, and the atmospheres were rent by the cheerings of countless 1,000s of Boodleburgandies. Nextly moment I discovered to find myself shaking hands with not any the less than the Mayor of Boodleburg, who spoke as per under. (Extraction from *The Hail Columbian Daily Eagle.*)

"In the name of Boodleburg, the greatest city in the universe, I welcome one of its most illustrious sons. (Cheers.) Hail Columbians have shown the world that they can beat every other nation to a frazzle—(cheers)—and then some. It was a Hail Columbian who discovered the North and South Poles. It was a Hail Columbian who swam the British Channel, and it was a Hail Columbian who first made an egg stand on end. (Cheers.) And now a Hail Columbian, Yog Hama, has added another record to the glorious scroll. It'll come to this, that soon there won't be a dog-gone championship left in Europe, and we'll have to win them from ourselves. Mr. Hama, though his folk came from the East, is a true and patriotic Hail Columbian and a 100% he-man. (Cheers.) But I guess he's impatient sort of, to see his dear old mother (sobs). That sweet, white-haired old lady whose prayers — (sobs) — have brought her gallant son back to her tender, loving arms once more. (Sobs and cheers.) If there's one being on earth nobler than the Hail Columbian man, I reckon it's the Hail Columbian mother. (Sobs and wild cheers.)"

"You're the guy that swam the Atlantic"

All of a suddenly I suffered a complete and tremendous embracing from an aged femn in white hairs and mid-Hon. Queen Victoria garments, while the Hail Columbians ejaculed themselves hoarse with cheers.

"Now speak your piece," said Hon. reportings person, giving me the paper with the words he had punched on it.

I then spoke as per follows. (Extraction from *The Hail Columbian Daily Eagle.*)

"Well friends, I guess this is the proudest moment of my life, for I didn't figger on having done anything outer the ordinary. All I gotter say is that I'm proud to be a Hail Columbian, but a darn sight prouder even to have such a lil' ole mother as this. (Cheers.) It's the mothers of Hail Columbia, I guess, who've made us the boys we are, and—well, I reckon that's about all I gotter say, only I'd kinder like to hear you all give three cheers for this lil' ole mammy of mine. (Cheers, sobs and laughter.)"

"I do not completely succeed to understand these so great rejoicings," I made confess to Hon. reportings person. "But it produces me enormous satisfactions to think my literary works are so tremendously recognised by this great country."

"Literary nothing!" he ejaculed. "I guess you got it all wrong, bo. What do you think you are, anyway?"

"Yogo Hama, a *literati* whose——"

"Cut it out, forget it. I framed-up this stunt myself. Got the notion directly I saw you. You're the guy that swam the Atlantic from Africa to Hail Columbia."

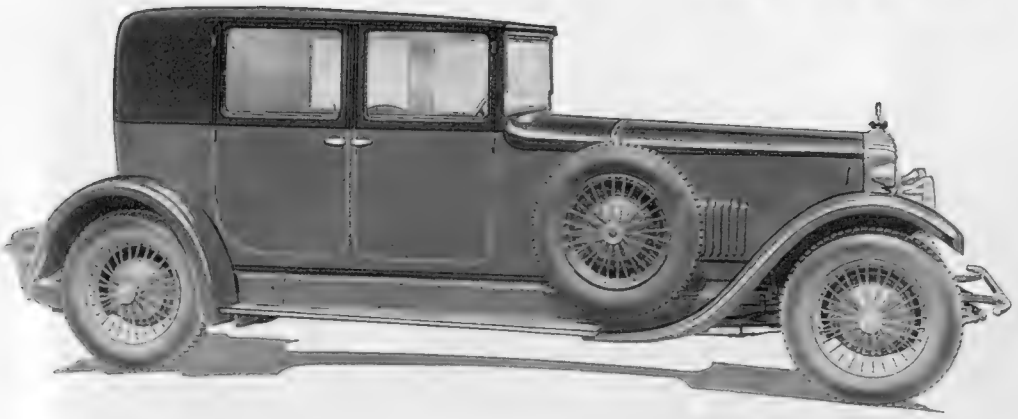
Yogo Hama

Sport and General

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES"

Captain C. H. Vernon, the winner of this year's King's Prize, being chaired in traditional manner after his victory at Bisley. Captain Vernon is in medical practice at Boscombe

The latest designs in Coachwork



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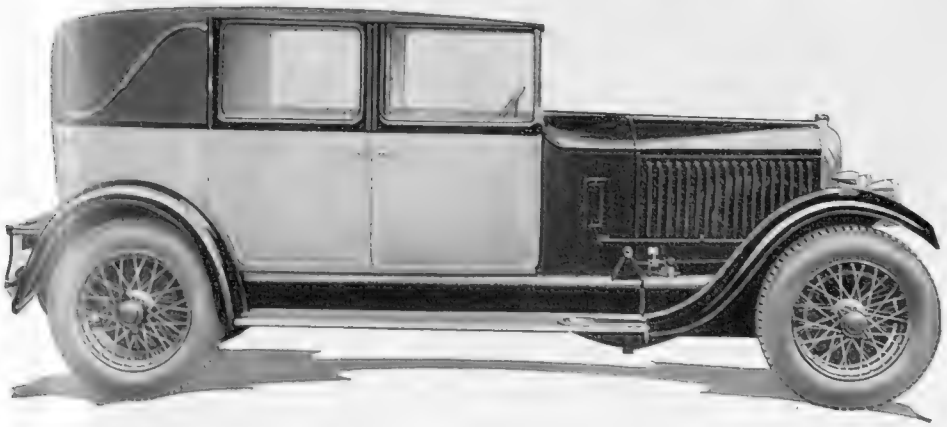

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Alfieri

AT HURLINGHAM

Sir E. Horlick and Wing-Commander P. K. Wise photographed at Hurlingham, where they were playing for Cowley Manor in the Hurlingham League. Templeton defeated them by 11½ goals to 2

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Our Team in America

All the players from whom the Army in India Team will be selected are now assembled at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, which possesses excellent facilities in the matter of playing fields. The ponies are reported to be in fine shape, only two of the stud of 45 being any the worse for their voyage across the Atlantic, and fortunately they are not reckoned among the best of the batch. Practice has started quietly, but this week and next some really fast matches are to be played, as the result of which Colonel Tomkinson and the other members of the Selection Committee will definitely choose the International side. Great interest naturally centres in their decision. It is generally assumed that Capt. R. George is a certainty for the position of No. 1. Although he lacks experience of first-class polo outside India, he has displayed immense promise in a position for which comparatively few players are available.

"Pat" Roark

It is assumed, too, that Capt. "Pat" Roark is sure of his place at No. 2. I have heard it suggested that he would never have achieved the prominence in the game which now belongs to him had he not enjoyed the advantage of riding the incomparable ponies which Mr. S. Sanford has placed at his service. To some extent that is true, but I have seen Capt. Roark do brilliant things on ponies which were not absolutely first class. Not only has he a wonderful assortment of strokes, but he gets a great length on the ball. In my opinion, there is only one No. 2 to be compared with him to-day. I refer to Mr. Tommy Hitchcock. Capt. Roark has improved so much during the past few seasons that there is now little to choose between these great players, and it will be interesting to observe how they compare in the International struggles.

Choice of Players

Assuming that Capt. George and Capt. Roark are "certain starters," it remains for the Selection Committee to choose between Major Williams, Major Atkinson, and Capt. Dening for the remaining places. The first-named of these has a fine record in the game, but I am informed that he never touched his real form in India during the past winter. Thus much depends on how he shapes in the practice games at Westchester. Major Atkinson, on the other hand, was at the top of his form in India, and I fully expect that he will be the "back" of the team. Of course, Major Atkinson, sound as he is, never was quite in the same class as Mr. Devereux Milburn, who is playing just as well as ever this season. This mighty hitter is well past his fiftieth year, so these may be his last International matches. He has never been out of a representative American side since he came over with Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and helped to win the cup at Hurlingham in 1909.

By Hynes

A GOLFING OCCASION

Our artist's impression of some gentlemen from West Essex and Wanstead who recently hit the "wee ba'" over the Broxbourne course in the final of the Thornton Cup. Wanstead finally beat West Essex by five matches to four

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise

THE HANDY HUSBAND

Wilfred is slaying the sewing-machine, while I sit and enjoy the view,
He runs each seam with a boyish beam—as the handiest husbands do;
His helpful schemes and inventive dreams have silvered my shingled hairs—
Will he next succumb to the urge to plumb? Or carpenter crazy chairs?

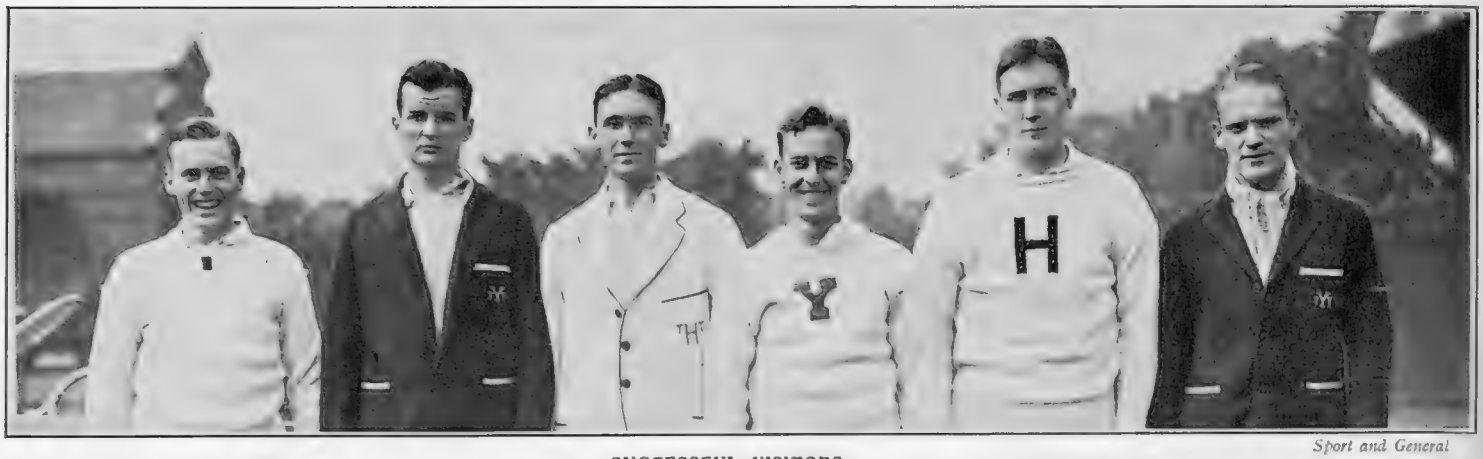
Wilfred has wrecked little Clara's frock, and puckered each silken pleat,
But I merely smile with true wifely guile—"You clever Old Boy—how sweet!"
He's a handy way that is wise and gay of producing ABDULLA'S Best,
So I calmly smoke while the Baby's cloak is bungled like all the rest.

—F. R. HOLMES

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH · EGYPTIAN
&
VIRGINIA (BOTH "IMPERIAL" & "AMERICAN")

Taking a Call on the



Sport and General

SUCCESSFUL VISITORS

The Yale and Harvard lawn tennis team who played Queen's Club at Doubles in the course of their tour in England and won every match. The team included C. Watson (Yale), M. T. Hill (Harvard), J. Whitbeck (Harvard), L. H. Gordon (Harvard), T. McGlinn (Yale) and W. McCook Reed (Yale)

Sport and General

THE HOME TEAM

The Queen's Club team who met Yale and Harvard in their recent Doubles matches, losing by 9 games to nil. The team was made up of O. G. N. Turnbull, Colonel H. G. Mayes, C. E. St. J. Evers, G. A. Barber, Commander L. H. Carr and D. Browne

J. W. Hall

A SCHOOL ELEVEN

The Malvern College First Eleven photographed during the summer term. The group shows, standing: Tate (left), C. D. A. Pullan, M. Illingworth, J. M. Pyne, J. Patchett, G. B. Horrocks, C. R. Tuff, R. H. Bradshaw and R. H. Shebbeare. Seated: L. C. Nunneley (left), W. H. Bradshaw (captain) and J. F. E. Short

Photopress

IN TRAINING

Bert Barry, the well-known sculler, photographed at Putney, where he is in training for the World's Championship contest at Vancouver on September 5

Stage of Summer Sports

Sport and General

THE NAVY XI

Who surprised both friend and foe by defeating the Army for the first time since 1914. The Navy scored 429, as against the Army's 193 and 233, Mr. Sellar, who is also well known in the Rugger world, contributing 68

Sport and General

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY

Sub-Lieut. K. A. Sellar playing the ball to Capt. M. A. Green at short leg, who caught him.

L.N.A.

SETTING OFF

Mrs. Elliott Lynn, the famous airwoman, climbing into her Avro at Stag Lane Aerodrome during her 1,100 miles flight over Britain

Sport and General

THE ARMY TEAM

Ten of the Army team which recently lost to the Royal Navy in their annual encounter at Lord's. Captain A. C. Wilkinson contributed two valuable innings, but the Army were not good enough for their opponents, who won comfortably

HOLIDAY MADNESS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Mr. Buggins . . . who's made quite a fortune in suspenders"

IN THE WEST COUNTRIE, *July* 25.

DEAR COUSIN—

IS it even barely credible that there is somewhere still a place called London, where all sorts of noisy activities continue to be done and in progress? I suppose it must be, because I keep on getting letters dated from there, wherein people tell me of new plays they've seen and how Chez Victor's been so crowded lately, and what a *succès* the cabaret show is at Prince's, and so on. Also chat apparently still re-echoing about the uninvited guests' affair and the latest rag parties. . . . But here down in glorious Devon it does sound, you know, so terribly distant and remote, like horns of Elfland faintly blowing, and all that sort of thing. So that sometimes one almost begins to wonder, as it were, which is the reality, which?

BUT, as a matter of fact, *this,* am sure, is really the real thing *sans doute,* and without one single possibility of argument on the matter. After all, let's face facts. There's solid and also delightful ones right before my very eyes as I write:—

Water without wave or ripple,
Sunshine deep and clear and heavy,
Sunshine like a booming bell
Made of purest golden metal.

No disputing facts like that, is there? any more than the positively enormous helping of bacon and eggs I had for breakfast this morning, as sort of *pièce de résistance* (not that we resisted very seriously) after a light introduction or overture of kedgeree *plus* the usual marmalade sweet or savoury to follow? And then apparently, feeling quite incapable of any further exertion for the day, one was somehow but a few mins. later (or so it seemed) whisked into a car, and by some sort of Christian Science method imbued with the illusion that eighteen holes of golf would be rather a good way of spending the few remaining hours before lunch, etcet., and so forth.

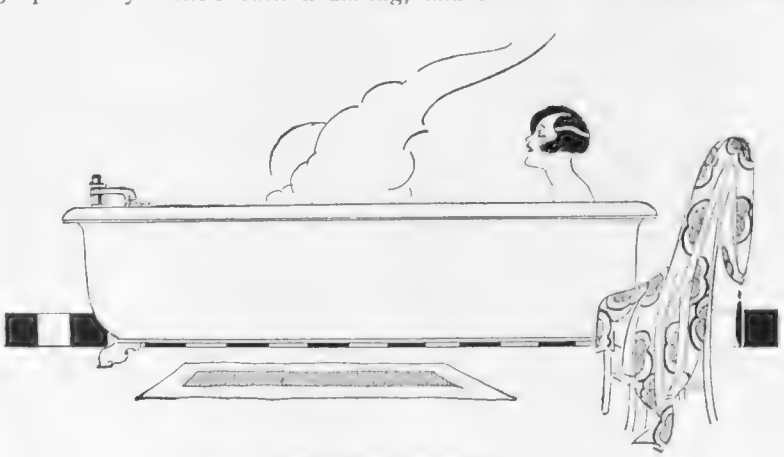
ODD, is not it? Who'd ever have thought, *par exemple,* that your Blanchette would have been capable of three bathes *per diem* (including one before breakfast), combined with four or five sets of tennis as well as the round of golf aforesaid, not to mention post-prandial dance to sort of wind it all up and put the lid on it, as you might say? Yet these things have been done, and will be done again, I fear, ere we have finished with this spell, bout, or bust of immensely, not to say aggressively, healthy life that's just now being led in the fastnesses and fitnesses of the wild, wild West.

A SHORT life and merry one in truth—finding new amusements and making new friendships. Come to think of it, quite a lot of the ordinary kind last far, far too long, don't they—friendships, I mean? Friendships that seem so fascinating at first, and he's such a sweet person and she's such a darling, and then in the end you suddenly find out that you somehow differ quite fundamentally about vivisection, or Mr. Noel Coward's plays, or the dance floor at the Florida, or something else important, and nothing can ever be as it was before; but as you've once started dining and lunching together it's simply a nell of a job breaking loose again. . . . Whereas with hotel friends there's always that parting break to give you time to think. Romance goes on the 9.15, as Mr. Kipling put it, or words to that effect; and if you don't make a special effort to recall it you can leave it at that, and that's that, *n'est-ce pas?*

"We're getting all alike"

AND oh! aren't they too utterly wonderful and delightful and *new,* too, some of the people you meet at the hotel on your holiday? Mr. Buggins, *par exemple,* who's made quite a fortune in suspenders or safety-pins or something, and always goes about in a kind of bicycling suit complete with umbrella, and plays golf quite wonderfully (so he tells you), and beats the pro. on the local links every morning (according to himself). And Mrs. B., with voice like a nutmeg-grater, no aitches and two red-nosed daughters, who inform us daily what a merry party they were at 'Astings last year, and what a pity it is they can't manage to put a little life into this hotel. Also the two

(*Continued on page* 192)



"Three bathes *per diem*"

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

"According to a Mincing Lane Merchant it takes seven years to train a tea-taster. Beer-tasting, on the other hand, doesn't need to be taught. It's a gift!" Punch, June 1st 1927.

If the tea-taster—after his seven years' matriculation—wants to advertise his tea in Punch, he may be graciously permitted to do so.

Not so the gifted Beer-taster, nor indeed any gifted taster of wines or spirits.

When one remembers that it was the advertising pages of Punch that helped more than any other paper to make world-wide the fame of—

Haig
WHISKY

and further when it is remembered that the excellent suggestion of a trade paper was not taken, viz., that a suitable sequel to Punch's refusal to take advertisements of Wines and Spirits would be to refund a lot of the money paid for these advertisements—one may be permitted to smile on reading the quoted Punch paragraph.

But we used to laugh *with* Punch!—

Some very wealthy and (sometimes) delightful American people who compliment this country by living in it in preference to their own would like to see Great Britain follow the bad example of America, which country prohibits the advertising of all stimulants

If America and Punch wish to be consistent, they should not only cease to advertise but should also cease to *use* all stimulants.

As a matter of fact neither of them do. . . . .

Haig
WHISKY

has been on sale for 300 years, and at no period in the preceding 299 years have their sales been as great as they are in the 300th Anniversary of their existence.

Haig quality explains this. You should not say "Whisky and Soda": you should always say,

"HAIG and SODA"

Home Market

12/6

The best 12/6 bottle on the market

13/6

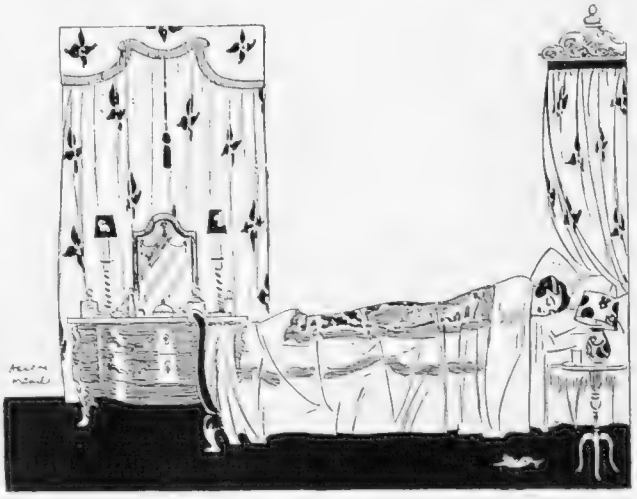
Containing the finest Whisky that goes out of Scotland.

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD. *(owning Haig & Haig, Ltd.)*, DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

somewhat elderly but still hopeful sisters Funnyface from Hull, who find this little corner of Devon so quaint, and mostly doze about the hotel grounds, though it's rumoured they once found their way on to the beach. And, of course, the inevitable honeymoon couple — though rather nicely modern these two, and would never have been discovered for a moment, I'm sure, if it hadn't been for garrulous local friend, having addressed each other as seldom as possible, and then only in terms of "old thing" and suchlike, also mixing freely with fellow guests (as they humorously call people at hotels) and rather seeking foursomes than otherwise.

QUITE a good thing though, you know, to meet all kinds, especially if, as Edith Sitwell says, we're in danger of becoming dull little people because of the way we're getting all alike and sort of machines, all with the same identical clothes and hair and all the rest of it. People you'd never meet anywhere else either, you know—sort of special breed apparently reserved for hotels—at least, you think so at first, but finally find they're fearfully human at heart, and a perfect education, in fact, in the ancient truth that it takes all sorts to make a world.

RATHER nice, by the way, to be reminded, these days, of how once in the good old prehistoric times they used to have their holidays by the sea. See, *e.g.*, advice of a doctor or physician of some note who's said to have invented Brighton. And remarked incidentally, in some words of advice *re* seaside holidays, that one should choose the shore to be sandy and flat "for the convenience of going into the sea in a bathing chariot." Alas! oh, Dr., how grieved thou wouldst have been to see the modern *baigneuse* undressing in the sometimes inadequate shelter of a small rock (though why worry if you don't happen to be hopelessly deformed?). Also, furthermore, says he, the seashore selected should be such as to afford "the person that has bathed an opportunity of mounting on horseback, dry and clean, to pursue such exercise as may be advised by his physician after he comes out of the water."



"And so . . . to bed"

AND so—having bathed, etcet.—to dinner with, perhaps, by way of a thank-offering, a bottle of Bollinger—which, incidentally, figured at the luncheon at the Guildhall to the Duke and Duchess of York—and afterwards the dance to wireless, the Savoy Havana band playing the latest tunes. And so, eventually, to bed and hopes of reading in next morning's paper how Piccadilly's up and the rotten weather they've been having everywhere—I *should* smile.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

CAMERA NOTES

A PICTURESQUE SCENE

A beautiful photograph of the Peaks of Rosengarten, in the Dolomites of Northern Italy. Here the majesty of trees, mountains and stream blend together in exquisite taste

Modern Speed Cameras

FASHIONS in photography, if less exaggerated than in other lines of interest, are clearly evident, and there is always a tendency to make a cult of the latest introduction. So far as ordinary photography is concerned, the most notable innovation of the past few years has been the development of numerous patterns of "ultra-speed" cameras with lenses of aperture from f/3 to f/1.5, which have made it possible to take snapshots under formerly incredible conditions. In discussing the pros and cons of these instruments it must be said at the outset that these new cameras do definitely open up possibilities never before realised, and that for specific purposes in the hands of expert users they are really wonderful tools. But, equally definitely, they also have their disadvantages and limitations, and unless these are properly appreciated the purchaser of one of these instruments stands to suffer disappointment.

Snapshots at Night

IT is doubtless a very satisfying reflection to feel that one possesses a camera which, should one so wish, will take snapshots of city street scenes at night, of theatre performances or indoor subjects, and, were it not for the fact that cameras of these newest types have prices which rise even more astonishingly than the powers of the instrument, it is certain that a very large number of amateurs would by now have fallen to the obvious allurements of these wonderful speed cameras. The limitations of these cameras lie in the hard facts of optics; at present it is not possible to produce these lenses of ever-increasing rapidity without incurring penalties in other directions. If one of these ultra-speed cameras is focused on an object at fairly short distance any part of the subject a few inches nearer or further away will be noticeably unsharp in the picture. In very many subjects this cannot be tolerated, and has to be eliminated by stopping down the lens to a quite ordinary aperture; clearly it is then a case of being unable to use a lens aperture which has been purchased expensively. To minimise this drawback, together with its consequent difficulty of exact focusing, these cameras are usually made to take very small plates, which—to complete the dilemma—are quite unsatisfactory, except in fastidiously careful hands.

Where the Big Lens Fails

THE fact that these enormous lens apertures can rarely be used at all is not the whole story; it remains to add that, when stopped down, these lenses do not behave so excellently as more ordinary designs. Their field of definition is not wide enough to permit the use of a rising front—an invaluable facility—and the lenses are in many cases so extraordinarily prone to give flare spots and ghost images that they are practically useless for many difficult subjects with which, at first sight, they would seem to show to greatest advantage. For general use these speed cameras are, on balance, decidedly less efficient than many a more modest outfit; moreover, there is very little photography indeed that cannot be done excellently with a lens of no greater rapidity than f/4.5.

T. L. J. BENTLEY.

OH, LOOK AT THE LOVELY COW!

When Mabel got her new camera the first photograph she took was of a cow, which happened to be in her line of vision. The next was of an evening sunset. The third was of Baby Jane playing in the garden. The remainder even more ambitious still.

When the spool was developed all the six negatives were perfect, in spite of the fact that cows have a habit of turning the head just as the shutter is being clicked; sunsets require a colour-sensitive film, and babies never do stop moving, anyway.

But Mabel was wise. She'd been advised to use Ilford Roll Film and she had done so. As you can see by the subjects she had chosen, it's the film which suits any picture you like to take.

The Film that never disappoints!

ILFORD ROLL FILM

The British-Made Film in the Red Carton.
In sizes to fit all roll-film cameras.

From Photographic Dealers Everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet (illustrated), "*The Lure of the Camera, or Timely Tips for Snapshots*," to Dept. B.

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WITH A
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AMATEUR CINE CAMERA

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QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
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From 9d. to 50/- per bottle, of chemists and stores everywhere.

ASK FOR GEGENÜBER
(*pronounced geg-en-u-ber*).

WITH THIS RED TRADE MARK.

Also Eau de Cologne Soap.

Johann Maria Farina
gegenüberdem Jülichs-Platz

THE ORIGINAL RECIPE OF 1709

HOW TO WIN ?

WHY NOT SHOW?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Last week's references to the attractions of this year's Kennel Club Show have brought comments and enquiries from several readers, some of whom evidently cherish the illusion that, so far as exhibiting is concerned, only more or less professional fanciers have a look in: that showing at such an exhibition is beyond the amateur and all modest "one-Dog" folk.

This is rather a mischievous mistake on the whole, even where so big a function as the K.C. Show is concerned. (Between now and then there will be scores of lesser Shows in different parts of the country, including quite a number to be held on the August Bank Holiday.) "The Kennelman" has seen many prizes, and some first prizes, too, awarded to "one-Dog" owners. Judges who know their business are not concerned with the persons or repute of exhibitors, but solely with the points and appearance of exhibits; and there are ways in which the owner of no more than one or two Dogs scores over those with big kennels.

If your Dog is of pure breed, and you regard him as a good specimen, it is a perfectly simple matter to exhibit him at the K.C. Show; and, if you gain nothing else, you will obtain the most authoritative sort of expert verdict on his type and quality. He must be registered, of course; but every pedigree Dog deserves that, and it costs only half a crown. Entry forms can be had from the K.C., 84, Piccadilly, and that completes the essential preliminaries.

As for the frequently stressed question of getting a Dog into "show condition," it is largely eyewash. The thing that really counts is having the Dog in perfect *health*; and the artful dodger who claims it's a matter of secret pills and potions is talking through his hat. Perfect canine health, which includes "show condition," sure as an omelette includes eggs, depends, not upon nostrums, but on a consistent *régime*; and the keeper of one or two Dogs can attain and maintain it, if anything, more easily than the fancier in a big way. A diet that does not merely fill, but feeds—spare, hard, and regular; adequate regular exercise, decent accommodation, and regular daily grooming; these are the essentials.

One other point is important; and here again the amateur may easily score over the experienced fancier if he sets his (or her) mind to it during the holiday weeks to run between now and September. *Teach your Dog to show himself.* This vital factor is often neglected by famous and veteran exhibitors, either from slackness or because they have too many Dogs. Remember that in the judging ring you and the other exhibitors don't count. It's the judge's view of your Dog as he appears in the ring that counts. Be sure you never interrupt it. The judge knows and cares nothing of how charming your Dog may look at home, and considers only how he looks in the ring. Teach him to stand to attention and throw a chest. Train him while on the lead in a ring (which you can make with a clothes-line and a few stakes) to show himself off like a prize hackney at a horse show. Teach him to respond to your softest whisper (when on lead in ring); to walk, trot, run, jump, and, above all, *stand* like a Grenadier on royal inspection parade.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

ENCOURAGING CARDS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Recently a club player was quite angry with me because I played an unnecessarily high card on his first lead of a King, followed by a low card on his Ace. When he led a third card of the suit and I followed to the trick, which was trumped by the Declarer, he turned on me angrily.

"What do you mean," he said, "by deceiving me? You played high-low, and I therefore thought you could ruff the third round of the suit."

"Not at all," I replied mildly. "I played an encouraging card because I wanted you to go on with the suit."

"Encouraging card, encouraging card! I have never heard of such a thing. I understand 'petering' and the Echo, but I don't know what you mean by an encouraging card."

That was that, and ended the matter, because I do not believe in Bridge lessons during play.

But I was surprised to find that a regular club player did not realise the value of encouraging cards.

. . . . . .

This was the situation: Spades were trumps, and my partner led the King of Clubs. Dummy put down Clubs J, 9, 6, 5. I held Clubs Q, 10, 8, 4, and four little Spades.

When my partner led the King of Clubs I was anxious that he should continue the suit, as I was over Dummy, and wished the Declarer to be forced. I therefore played the 8 on the King led and the 4 on the Ace. At trick three Dummy played the 9 and I played the 10, which the Declarer trumped—according to my plan. It happened that this play gave us an extra trick, as Declarer had only five trumps. The point to notice is that if at trick one the 4 of Clubs is played, the leader is left in doubt as to whether to continue the suit or not. He does not know where the Queen, 10 are, and if he goes on with his Ace and Declarer holds Queen, he may establish two tricks in the suit for Declarer. The play of the 8 by his partner on first trick assures him that it is safe to continue the suit. He may think it the higher of two, or even possibly a singleton. But he *knows* it is all right to go on in either case, and the fact that he may be misled temporarily does not matter in the least.

A good player in this situation, if the partner throws the 4 on his first lead of the King, will not go on with the suit, as it looks too dangerous. This is where the play of an encouraging card in a suit bid is so helpful.

. . . . . .

It is generally accepted that an encouraging card is the voluntary discard of a card higher than a six. This single discard indicates that the player wishes his partner to open the suit from which such discard is made. Here is an example from play:—

S. K, J, 2.
H.—9, 5, 3.
D.—Q, J, 10, 2.
C.—A, 6, 3.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—A, Q, 9, 2.
H.—6, 4.
D.—7, 5, 3.
C.—J, 8, 7, 4.

Z is playing the hand in Hearts. A leads the Queen of Clubs, and the trick is taken with the Ace in Dummy. Z now leads three winning rounds of Hearts. On the third round B should discard his 9 of Spades. This encourages A when he gets in to lead Spades.

. . . . . .

Against a No-Trumper the discard of a high card is particularly useful as an indication to partner how the cards lie. Take this case:—

Q, 3.

K, 8, 7, 6, 5.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

J, 10, 9, 2.

A, 4.

Z is playing a No-Trumper. A leads the 6 of his suit. Z puts up the Queen in Dummy as being the only chance for it to make, and B plays the encouraging 10. If A regains the lead he will play another low card of the suit, reading B for a card higher than the 10 played to the first trick. Whereas if B on the 6 led plays the 2, A is left in doubt as to the position of the 10 and Jack, and will not like to continue the suit, as he might reasonably infer that Z had Ace, Jack.

"I'm 'training' for the seaside"
—said Plain Mr. York
of York, Yorks.

"When you go to the seaside," said Mr. York, "and while you're there, too, you want something to nibble at now and again—and that's where my Plain York Chocolate comes in. It's not too sweet and not too bitter; and stops your hunger without making you thirsty.

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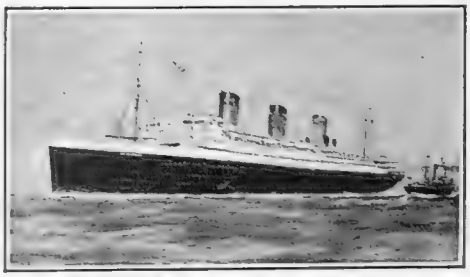

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VICHY · ETAT

IN FINE FEATHER *Alexander Corbett*

Miss Elaine Lettor wearing the wonderful dress in which she appears as a peacock at New Princes. It should be noted, however, that she wears it only in the cabaret and not for general dancing purposes!

THIS IMPATIENT GENERATION By "CANDIDA"

SOONER or later we shall have to cut out our endings. Who stays out the Season's programme all the way to Cowes? Only a few inveterates, most of them American. Who's left at the end of a party, however brilliant it's said to be in the papers next morning? Who watches the curtain come down on Act IV without diving for his or her indispensables just before the climax? Whoever reads the last page of even the best of best-sellers? No one, hardly. It's not that there's no time for anything. Time's what you make it, or, rather, make out of it, as the American millionaire said who knew its exact value in cash. It's the patience that's missing. In 1927 Griseldas are badly out of the picture. Why not? I've always considered patience as the dullest of the virtues. All the same, its absence does complicate life. Its absence is responsible for most of our troubles.

TO cut out endings means having no regrets unless you're the sort of person who always believes that the things that didn't happen would have been much nicer than those that did. Instead of the dregs of a tired Season, why not the first freshness of a holiday on which—who knows?—some un-English sun might yet be induced to shine? Every day I meet piles of optimistic luggage *en route* for Victoria. Lots of us travel for pleasure, or think we do, or, what's more to the point, we travel because other people travel, which is very good for the railway companies and the hotels, also for the people who sell rugs and trunks, the new sort of trunks so easy to pack for the new sort of porters to carry.

TRAVELLING's an overrated pleasure now that there are so many of us doing it. I like the idea much better than the actual fact. One skips in fancy all the boredom of the journey. How one jumps in at the last moment with too much luggage to find too little room. How the boat train rattles on relentlessly, and the boat's another scramble. How this tiresome passport business must be attended to just when one feels least inclined for it, and the *douane* officials make hay of one's best hat and the self-respect of one's clothes; how the *table d'hôte* on board costs as much as lunch at the Ritz and tastes like sawdust; and how one finally arrives, disgruntled and weary and the worse for a night's restlessness, to be received on a shining jewel of a morning, all serenely blue and silver, by a supercilious hotel porter, who's really a Russian prince thinly disguised, and be stared at by a cheery, white-clad crowd who's never had any troubles, or has forgotten them if it ever had them.

THE only way to avoid them successfully—the troubles, I mean—is to travel by car. So one's always told, but it's not mentioned that roads are long and dusty and often bad, and that inns and places are not all one would pray for. To make up, there's the outfit. Nothing could be nicer than one of those very superior motoring coats, which looks as if it were made in *petit point* and is really a wonderful woolly fabric as soft as down, as light as air, as hot as a furnace, or, let's say, the best Russian sables, and yet is as cool and pleasant as chiffon is supposed to be—a magic coat you could wear with equal comfort at the North Pole or by the Red Sea.

NOTHING could be smarter, too, than one of those expensive skull caps which sticks closer than a brother in any wind. But the milliner people are not satisfied. One—Hanover Square way—tells me that she's been left with dozens of lovely large hats all asking to be worn on lovely heads at lovely parties, and asking in vain. They're Ascot survivals that never knew Ascot, because lots of shrewd people didn't see their way to paying seven guineas for a creation they couldn't motor in. They wore for the occasion small, sensible hats, just as if Ascot weren't Ascot.

SOONER or later, which always means sooner, the best people will go by air, and not only for serious journeys to Persia or Paris, but for everyday trips to the club and Oxford Street. Impatience will find a way. When even the Pope goes motoring it's time for the rest of us moderns to find a new way of getting about. His Holiness, it appears, was given a superb Fiat, I forget by whom. He accepted it without enthusiasm, and went on driving in his carriage and reliable pair. But one day one of the reliables came to grief over a column in the courtyard of the Vatican, and, reluctantly, the Pope took to his Fiat and the twentieth century. Therefore it's time we anticipated our twenty-first. Impatience will find a way.

CANDIDA.

'US" AT OLYMPIA

"The Bystander" section of the stand of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia. The stand occupied a considerable amount of space at the Exhibition, and its success may be judged from the number of people who visited it to gather information about the Great Eight

Correction

In the issue of THE BYSTANDER for July 20 the titles to the photographs of Mrs. Vennette Herron and Miss Elga Brink, which appeared on the "Femina" page, were unfortunately transposed, the screed relating to that popular writer, Mrs. Herron, appearing under the picture of Miss Brink, and *vice versâ*. We take this opportunity of expressing to both ladies regret for any inconvenience they may have been occasioned.

A BYSTANDER *among the* BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

A YEAR or so ago, when Mr. Anthony Bertram published *The Pool*, I said that it was one of the most remarkable first novels that we had had for some years. As a picture of slum life it was, I considered, both moving and authentic. True, I have since heard criticism about its most dramatic incident, but my opinion of its merits is to-day unchanged, and—this, surely, is unusual in a busy reviewer—the whole story remains clear and fresh in my mind. It was therefore with particular keenness that I opened Mr. Bertram's second novel, *Here We Ride* (Allen and Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and although I will say at once that it did not thrill and delight me in the same way as *The Pool*, the new story has much to recommend it to your affectionate regard and admiration.

Here we move in slightly less slummy circles—in a cheap boarding-house, to be exact, in the neighbourhood of King's Cross. I am inclined to think that it is an unusual boarding-house even for King's Cross, if only because every one of the lodgers is so out of the ordinary. And yet, perhaps, Mr. Bertram might argue with justice that he is only condensing the whole of cheap boarding-housedom down to a workable size. In any case, he interests you at once, even before you come to know these lodgers so well, and the story that revolves about them is sufficiently dramatic and unusual.

What a quaint lot they are! First and foremost there is the ridiculous but pathetic Daisy, who works in a dressmaker's shop until she is sacked. She, poor thing, is not very attractive, and so for a long time her "boys" exist only in her imagination. When a "boy" really does materialise her story becomes more pitiful than ever. Yet even the unlikeliest dreams can come true, and money comes to her from an unexpected quarter. I can picture the appalling creature she is going to become with her money. Mercifully, Mr. Bertram leaves her later career to our imagination.

But there are others in the uncomplaining Mrs. Glimsoll's house: a pretty lady who is not drawn in romantic colours, but in the drab lines of truth; a taciturn plumber—the only portrait that is tinged with caricature; an ex-butler of the oily kind who gets all he deserves; and a dear old gin-sodden hag who was once a popular turn on the music-hall stage. Finally, there is old Ferdinand Banting, and here, perhaps, Mr. Bertram is soaring very high indeed. There cannot be many Ferdinand Bantings about, but they do undoubtedly exist. The ex-gentleman is always a painful object, but in Mr. Bertram's hands he becomes something more: he is the chorus in this little group of queer, downtrodden folk. It is only he who can sum them (and himself) up. And he and Daisy, I fancy, will stay in your memory, even if the others fade. So then, please, read this book, for it is well out of the usual run, and then read or re-read *The Pool*. Together they will show you that Mr. Bertram is a man to be watched.

⁂

THERE is a novel just published which might well have been written by the most practised hand. It is called very simply *Race* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and it deals with the question of Christians marrying Jews. Its dialogue is singularly easy and good, its story is dramatic, and its pictures of the queer, clannish people are extraordinarily vivid. But by far the most astonishing thing about it is that its writer, Miss Mary Grace Ashton, is only seventeen now! I do not know, I confess, how a schoolgirl of sixteen could have written any such book. Nowhere is there a sign of hesitation or doubt. The thing runs on smoothly from beginning to end.

The subject has often been used by novelists before, but rarely, I should think, to such good effect. Young Ivan is only half a Jew himself, but his father's marriage to a Catholic has not been successful, and when he dies he leaves the boy a fortune conditionally on his not making the same "mistake" as himself. There lies the problem, and it is worked out by Miss Ashton with admirable skill and an almost unbelievable *flair* for knowing how people think. To-day, I know, is the young people's day, but if there are to be many more schoolgirls of this kind we elderly folk had better retire at once.

⁂

I COMMEND to your notice *The Diary of Henry Teonge* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), who was chaplain on board several of H.M. King Charles II's men-of-war. Parts of this very racy and unusual narrative were printed a hundred years ago, but here is the complete version, with a charming introduction by Mr. G. E. Manwaring, and excellent reading it all makes.

Teonge himself was by no means the ordinary parson of the day. He was not successful on land, so he went to sea. He had a keen eye and an appreciative stomach. He tells us things which not all the old diarists thought worth recording. It is a very intimate picture that we get of life in the Navy in the days of Pepys. A really delightful book.

⁂

I HAVE been interested and held by Mr. Osbert Lumley's first novel, *The Silver Taint* (Richards Press: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which, if it has nothing startlingly new to tell us, contains not only a strongly dramatic story, but also raises several questions of importance.

It is a story of pre-War days, but does not seem old-fashioned. It illustrates at once the dangers which may follow on a mother's too keen supervision over her son, and those of a marriage carried through on grounds of compassion. Bernard Gilmour gets involved with a girl. It is not really his fault, for from the moment when she first meets him Millie Silver means him to do what he finally does. Both families demand a marriage, and it duly takes place. And, of course, things are hopeless from the beginning. The coming of the Great War allows Mr. Lumley to suggest a way out, and we accept it as the one that is best.

His pictures of the unpleasant Silver family, the equally unpleasant, though "nice," Mrs. Gilmour, and the rich and more casual Burmeisters are exceedingly vivid. Millie herself is an authentic little person, and her drab life both before and after marriage is etched in with admirable precision. The book, you feel, contains a faithful account of people and things and the writing is without tricks. I recommend the book as a serious essay in fiction which augurs very well for the future.

MR. ANTHONY BERTRAM

The author of "The Pool," which enjoyed considerable success on its publication a year or so ago. His new novel, "Here We Ride" is reviewed on this page

Making a famous name more famous still

THIS wonderful value is no attempt to compromise with quality. Cost has been forgotten in the determination to present the finest 2-litre six-cylinder engine that engineering art is capable of producing.

Experts marvel at the complete absence of vibration and at the inaudible engine—there is scarcely a tremor or a sound even when the speedometer is registering over 60! Even in third gear the engine is quieter than many cars on top.

Here is a car which is making a famous name more famous still—a car giving an entirely new standard of performance and value.

Write for Catalogue:

WOLSELEY

BRITAIN'S 2-LITRE 'SILENT' SIX

Touring Car £450
Saloon - - £495

Wolseley Motors (1927), Ltd.,
Adderley Park, Birmingham.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

A WOLSELEY "SIX" *E. M. Wright*

A 16-45 h.p. Wolseley "Six" photographed amid picturesque surroundings. This capacious 5-6 seater has a very lively, yet refined, road performance

I AM as ready as anyone to denounce police persecution, but there are two sides to every question, and one wonders if all those who complain, innocent as they may be of motoring offences, are entirely blameless in other respects. The other day I was a passenger in the car of a man (let us call him Jones) who is for ever grumbling that, though he is not a fast driver, he is always in trouble with the police. These "officious constables," goes his tale, "seem to take a delight in holding me up and bullying me." So I was interested to watch his methods. Certainly he did not drive fast—in fact, I was bored by the slow average he put up. Yet, sure enough, we were held up twice by the police in 32 miles! At every corner Jones changed down, when it was quite unnecessary—usually with a hideous noise—and accelerated with great gusto and needless violence. His exhaust is not amongst the most silent, and policemen always seem to stand at corners. In ten-mile limits, while his speed was still nothing to take exception to, he could not bear to have other vehicles in front; he had to pass them. Usually there was a policeman somewhere on the side-walk.

***

THE note of his horn was that nerve-racking screech that always seems to me to convey this message—"Get out of my way! I can't stop!! I'm in the deuce of a panic!!!" And he never failed to use it—many and long blasts on it. In the narrowest streets he shrieked it unnecessarily at pedestrians, cyclists, and even the police. In other words, he took no notice of the presence of the police, and the mystery to me is that he was not held up more often.

***

THE moral is, go easy when the blue uniform is in sight. To attract attention by hogging under the nose of the police is more than a psychological howler—it is a fool's game. Compare the experience of Robinson—a very different driver, who owns an ordinary touring model. He chose it because, while possessed of a very passable turn of speed, it is quiet and dignified in gait. Whenever he sees a man in blue he becomes as meek and mild as a little child. He treads softly on the gas, presses but delicately on the quieter of his two horns, does no passing, unnecessary acceleration or other manœuvres or acrobatics that might draw attention unto himself. Yet he manages to do a 50 per cent. higher average than Jones, derives much more enjoyment from motoring—and has never been in trouble with the police.

***

THE Wolseley people made a very wise move in issuing a statement that there would be no price reductions on their 2-litre six-cylinder car between now and the end of the 1928 season. The car in question is certainly the finest that has ever been issued under this famous name. Though coming under the £16 tax, it develops 45 h.p. on the brake. Amongst many features that mark the engine as a most up-to-date design are overhead valves and camshaft, aluminium alloy pistons, duralumin connecting rods, and a specially designed lighting and starting set of exceptional capacity. The engine has a 7-bearing crankshaft, which may account largely for the fact that from one end of its speed range to the other there is practically no vibration whatever. Refinement is the keynote of the performance throughout. The springing, steering, gear-change, and brake operation help to make it one of the most delicate and mannerly six-cylinders on the market. If this car were very much more than its modest price it would still be excellent value, for, both in hill-climbing and maximum speed, it can show a clean pair of heels to many much larger and more expensive turnouts.

***

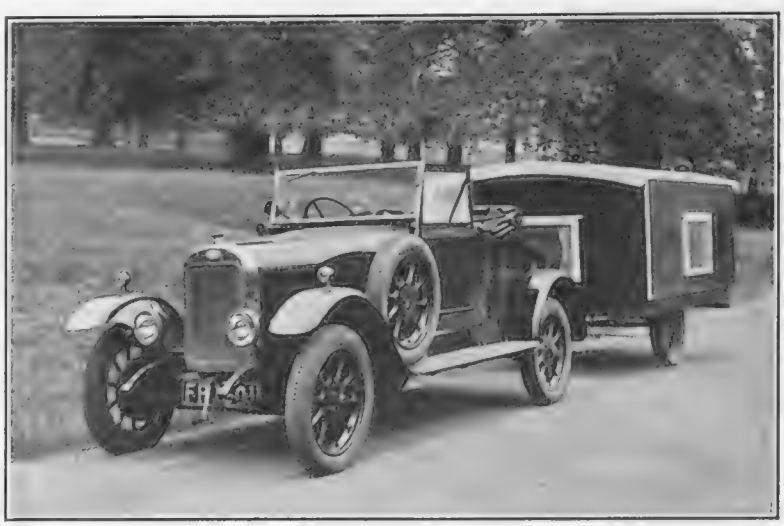
YET at the same time it is a car of many comforts. The body on one which I had out recently was the standard tourer, designated as a 5-seater. It is actually a 6-seater, for while the back seat has fully room for the usual three adults, the front seat is only 11½in. narrower. In fact, having no armrests, as the back seat has, its useful width is probably greater. This front seat is adjustable, and the control pedals are also adjustable, not only for reach but also for height from the floor—an excellent feature. The sidescreens are also worthy of note, for their rigidity of construction and the number of adjustments possible and fastenings which ensure their fitting properly. The hood is of the self-opening type, which only requires a push from behind, and can be lowered down without the material hanging in ugly folds under the edge or getting nipped between the hood sticks.

***

THE price of this model is £450 and that of the saloon £495. The company's announcement that these prices will remain unaltered until the end of the 1927-28 season at any rate, is a praiseworthy effort to steady the market and protect purchasers from the serious losses frequently entailed by price reductions. It is particularly timely in the case of the Wolseley in view of the rumours of price reduction that have gained currency since Mr. W. R. Morris took over this business.

***

OF the making of caravans there is no end. The latest, however, called the "Shadow," possesses many points of originality. It is a trailing caravan built in two sections, the upper half sliding down over the lower in the manner of a cardboard box. When closed down for the journey the "Shadow" is scarcely higher than the standard two-seater. For the night the top section is raised, giving all the comforts of an ordinary caravan. A comfortable bed, settee, tables, cooking facilities, and curtained windows. The "Shadow" has not the lumbering appearance of the ordinary caravan. Weighing only 7 cwt., it sells at £75 10s.



READY FOR THE ROAD

A "Shadow" trailer caravan closed and ready to move off. The design of this caravan enables the owner to fold it down until it is very little higher than the ordinary two-seater

ROLLS-ROYCE
THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

SOME EXPERT OPINIONS

"Motor-cars may come and motor-cars may go, but the Rolls-Royce goes on for ever as the world's leading design."

THE REFEREE

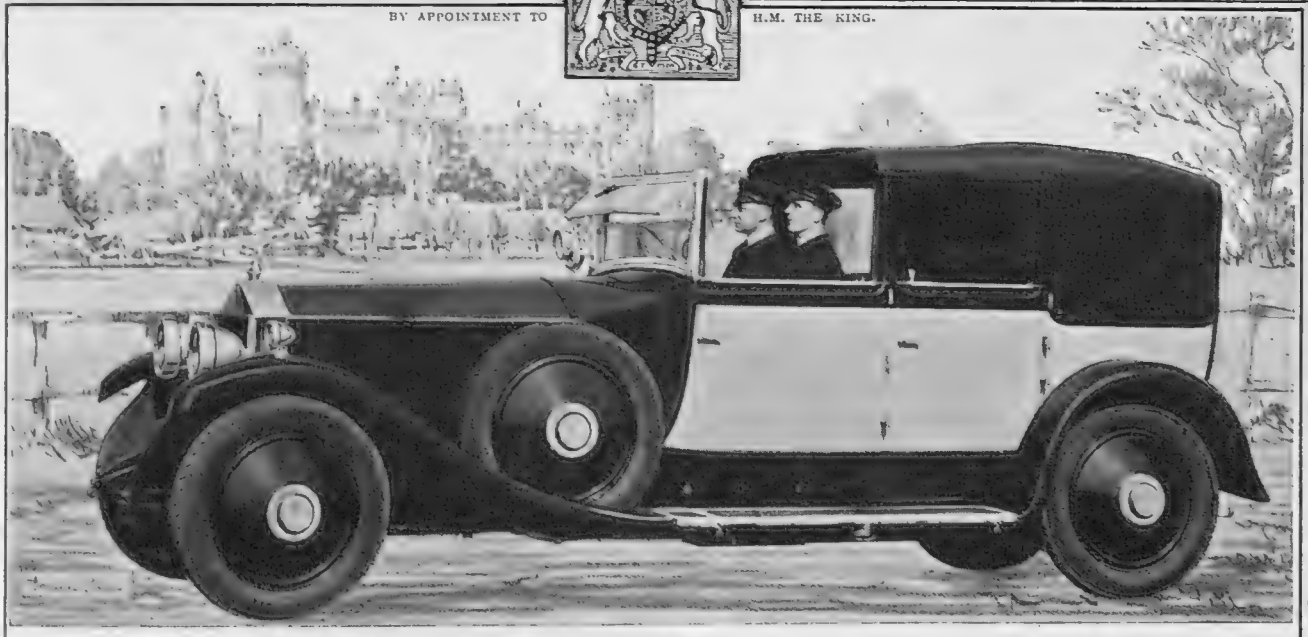
"The 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce is establishing itself as the leader of the medium-sized carriages, and the 40/50 H.P. New Phantom Rolls-Royce still remains the base of all motor-car comparison."

THE SKETCH

Rolls-Royce Ltd. are in a position to supply complete cars, with carriage-work by the leading British coachbuilders

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD., 14-15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.



HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders), LTD.

Motor-Body Builders and Coachbuilders to:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY Viscountess Lascelles.
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H.M. THE QUEEN. H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service.

(*Below*) *For this oval face Nestlé chose a centre parting with smooth waves framing the brow.* (*Above*) *Soft wide waves ripple away from one side into burnished clusters over the ears.*

(*Below*) *A smart version of the new modified Eton crop which softens its severe lines with a gracious ripple. See how beautifully the permanent wave models the shape of the head.*

This permanent wave leaves your hair supple and easy to set

The Nestlé artists never wave and dress two heads exactly alike. When you come to Nestlé:—they study the special characteristics of your hair; they consider the shape of your head and the modelling of your features. With the flair that comes from years of experience they find just the right line and curve of waves that suit you best. Your permanent wave will have all the softness and suppleness of a natural ripple. Many lovely women have told Nestlé that their hair has taken on a new sheen and silkiness, a new vitality, since it was permanently waved by a Nestlé artist. This wonderful service costs not a penny more than ordinary permanent waving costs elsewhere. The Nestlé Salons are at 48 South Molton Street (Mayfair 0720–21) and 43 Dover Street (Regent 1934), London, W. 1, but you can also obtain the genuine Nestlé wave at—

Altrincham: Maison Taylor, Station Buildings, Moss Lane. Bath: Mills and Watkins, 3 George Street. Bournemouth: S. A. Thomson ('Phone 148), 100–102 Poole Road, Westbourne. Cardiff: Robert Lane, Duke Street. Chorlton-cum-Hardy: Maison Taylor, 76 Barlow Moor Road. Didsbury: Maison Taylor, Bank Buildings, Lapwing Lane. Leeds: Miss Manning, 27 County Arcade. Manchester: Maison Taylor, 26-28 King Street, and at 131 Oxford Road, All Saints. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Miss Margaret Joice, 1 St. Mary's Place, and many other firms throughout the United Kingdom.

48 SOUTH MOLTON STREET

43 DOVER STREET, W.1

NESTLÉ

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

Fashion's Fancies

The daily use of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream will save that "after the holiday" look

The wise woman adopts a Woodville Transformation while her hair is growing, or her "crowning glory" otherwise dissatisfies her

This Holiday Business

HOW will it affect our looks? Rather adversely, I'm afraid, unless we use a little common sense and take care to combat the effects of sun and wind. After all, a plant can't be kept in a hothouse for months on end and then not suffer on transition to a hardy clime. And this is just what we are apt to do with our unfortunate skins, living (many of us) practically indoor lives during the winter months, and then "when summer comes" taking suddenly to open spaces, getting overheated on the tennis court, braving the icy blast (!) on the golf links, motoring in an open car. No wonder that by the end of our open-air orgy our stock in the Beauty Market is terribly low. Luckily, however, recent scientific discoveries have been concerned with our appearance as much as with our health. Complexion troubles need no longer be endured; they can be cured by a reliable beauty specialist and the regular use of effective preparations, or, in the light of greater knowledge, they can, better still, be prevented altogether.

Sea Bathing and the Complexion

SEA-WATER has a good deal to do with ruined complexions, not that it is in itself actually injurious to the skin, but the action of the salt has a terribly drying effect, which is harmful to a skin that is naturally dry. So it's an unwise woman indeed who doesn't protect her skin thoroughly before bathing. This she can do by means of a cream that is water as well as sun proof, which divers and others, who take the sea seriously, "rise to call blessed." Altogether this tendency not to forget their personal appearance is tremendously manifested among sportswomen to-day, and a very excellent thing too. The sex was never keener on sport and never better at every form of it, and one of the greatest tributes that can be paid to the celebrities in the feminine sporting world is that, when bereft of their racquets, clubs, or whatever other weapons they fight their way to victory with, there is no suggestion in their delicate complexions, and generally *bien soignée* appearance, that they lead strenuous outdoor lives. Very unlike the hunting women of the last generation, who could always be recognised in a crowd by their battered appearance.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness

ONE reason why our skins are well preserved under adverse conditions is that we understand better than our grandmothers and better than our mothers the laws of complexion hygiene. We are no longer, for instance, so misguided as to think that soap and water are going to cleanse the pores of our skins. Having our faces steamed in a beauty parlour and seeing the resulting grime has cured us for ever of that fallacy. So we use instead a cream or lotion that not only cleanses the surface, but penetrates below. We never go to bed (at least, I hope we don't) without removing all traces of powder, etc., so that the skin can breathe properly during the night.

Lingerie fashioned from Horrockses' dainty fabrics, that can be relied upon to wash and wear well, appeals to the fastidious woman

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Two Valuable Preparations

A SIMPLE and effective method of combating the various troubles that lie in wait for lovely woman during the summer months is to give the face, neck, arms, and hands adequate protection before exposure and soothing treatment after, which can be done most successfully by means of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. The Vanishing Cream, over which a light dusting of powder never fails to spread smoothly and evenly, should be applied before going out, and the Cold Cream used to cleanse and soothe the skin at night and after playing games.

While Your Hair is Growing

I WONDER how often the shingles one notes down as being particularly good ones are Woodville non-slip transformations? Quite a number of them, I imagine. The

Renée Maude

Northward bound! See below a tweed suit for the moors, with the new fancy overcheck design, sponsored by Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W.

A "going away" three-piece that will appeal to all holiday-makers. Carried out in stockinette, it has a silk-embroidered cardigan coat and sleeveless jumper. Sketched at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street W.

women who don't find their own hair as satisfactory as it might be wear these so much nowadays—when, for instance, it is in process of growing after shingling, or when, in consequence of illness, it has become thin and generally out of sorts, or when its owner feels that with her own refractory locks the achievement of a really up-to-date *coiffure* is entirely beyond her powers. "The Woodville," of a featherweight lightness, is absolutely undetectable, and gives the wearer the pleasant consciousness of being, for games, dances, indeed, for any and every occasion, thoroughly *bien soignée*. No ends; no striving after the correct shape; and also a very simple way of covering up those tell-tale grey hairs.

Fine Work Deserves Fine Fabrics

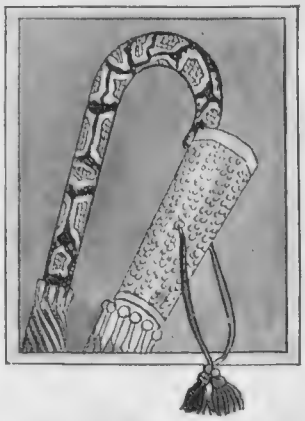
MODERN woman, despite her reputed lack of feminine tastes, often prefers to make her own *lingerie*, especially when she is working on a fine fabric that satisfies her artistic sense, but, being nothing if not practical, she begrudges putting good work into unreliable materials. That is why Horrockses' dainty *lingerie* fabrics are such tremendous favourites with her; for, although they are the last word in fineness, they both wash and wear admirably. Their "Fyne Lawne" meets the demands of the woman who likes "all white," and "Ororlorn" shows a large range of printed designs in lovely delicate colourings.

Nothing Over Six Guineas

IT'S a joyous business choosing a holiday wardrobe in the Six-Guinea Department at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street—nothing over this price, and a great deal under it. Paris model jumper frocks of hand-embroidered georgette; lace dresses in all manner of lovely shades; and, of course, washing frocks galore. This department makes, too, a speciality of smart models for the bigger woman that include, cut on length-giving, becoming lines, perfectly tailored coat-frocks, graceful lace and georgette gowns, and *crêpe de Chine* washing dresses—these last in four sizes.

Only Four More Days

IN which to take advantage of the sale, which ends with the month of July. The sale price of the "Waldorf" cardigan suit, sketched on the extreme left, consisting of pleated skirt, sleeveless jumper, and silk-embroidered coat, and carried out in stockinette in a variety of fashionable shades, is £5 18*s*. 6*d*. And "Sildick" guaranteed silk washing frocks are priced from 78*s*. 6*d*., a particularly attractive example of these, striped white and lettuce-green, being shown at the bottom of the page.



Easily identified! An umbrella, with a Lizardette crook handle, and its companion of ivory and shagreen. Sketched at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.

"The Rain it Raineth"

WELL, if not every day, certainly pretty often. So holiday equipment must include umbrellas. The left-hand one in the sketch above, with lizardette crook handle, costs 25*s*., and its right-hand companion, with ivory and shagreen handle, 49*s*. 6*d*. These are sale prices, but at all times 25*s*. will purchase a smart, serviceable umbrella. And bags: important affairs to-day, when it's a case of "every toilette its bag," more often than not *en suite*. Of these Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove offer a tremendous variety in all the latest shapes, from tiny embroidered *pochettes* to baby Gladstones.

The Cult of the Tailor-made

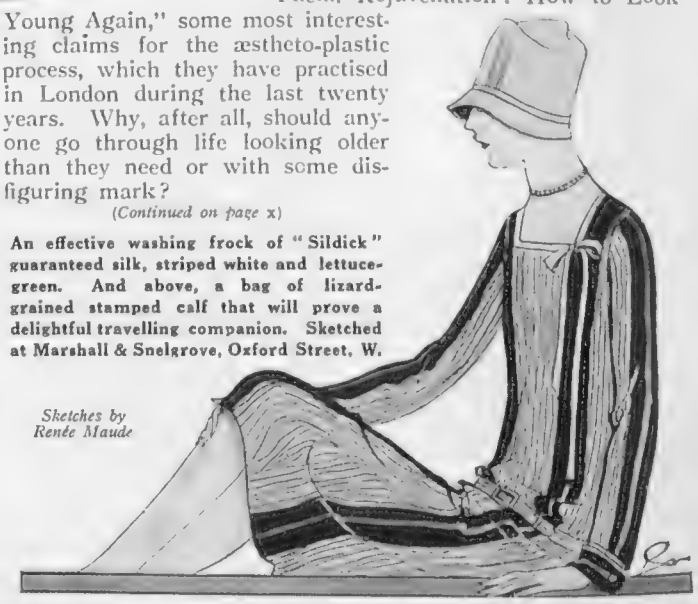
A WELL-CUT, perfectly fitting tailored suit is the one thing that a woman with a reputation for good dressing to keep up cannot, at this season of the year with country visits in view, afford to be without. Evidently the misguided people who insist that "made-to-measure" *tailleurs* are too expensive for them do not realise that at Smee's, 55, South Molton Street, W., they can obtain from six guineas almost incredibly smart suits in the latest tweeds and suitings. One of his newest models, carried out in tweed in a fancy overcheck design is shown in the left-hand sketch. And with overcoats, every bit as important as the suits or frocks they cover, it is good news indeed that also for six guineas he will make in a sporting tweed the fashionable model of the moment, complete with belt and large, practical pockets.

The Gift of Youth

THE Hystogene Institute, 40, Baker Street, W.1, make in their book, "Facial Rejuvenation: How to Look Young Again," some most interesting claims for the æstheto-plastic process, which they have practised in London during the last twenty years. Why, after all, should anyone go through life looking older than they need or with some disfiguring mark?

(Continued on page x)

An effective washing frock of "Sildick" guaranteed silk, striped white and lettuce-green. And above, a bag of lizard-grained stamped calf that will prove a delightful travelling companion. Sketched at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.



Sketches by Renée Maude

Ferraro—debonair maître-d'hôtel at the Berkeley, says

'. . . Ah, that is a very, very good sauce, the Lea and Perrin. Since I was a little boy in a very far corner of Italy, I have known it. And here at the Berkeley, where the clientèle understand to be so particular in food, I serve always Lea and Perrin. If I do not that is like to give a red wine with the fish!'

Ferraro

Wherever you lunch or dine, you will find respect for your taste if you insist on

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

AN announcement of interest to Men!

"Courtine (REGISTERED) LININGS"

THE need to pay careful attention to the Linings used in the making of your new clothes is more than ever necessary to-day—*it is the Lining which makes or mars them.* A good suit needs a good Lining, and by asking your tailor to use "COURTINE"—woven only by COURTAULDS LIMITED—your desire for an easy fitting garment will be more than fulfilled. Garments with "COURTINE" LININGS are easy to slip on and off, and ensure a delightful feeling of comfort and ease. "COURTINE" LININGS are obtainable in shades and colourings to match every kind of cloth and are fully guaranteed to wear to the very last. They do not discolour or grow shabby, and are free from all troubles arising from perspiration.

The name is on the selvedge.

ASK YOUR TAILOR TO USE "COURTINE" LININGS—woven only by COURTAULDS LIMITED. If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS LTD., 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Popularising Mendelssohn

One would scarcely imagine that a solo of Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," rendered by a choir-boy at the Temple Church, would prove a "best seller" as a gramophone record, but the fact remains that a record of this wonderful classic, sung for "His Master's Voice" by Master Ernest Lough, has reached the same footing as a selling-line as last year's jazz success "Valencia." The demand for this most sublime and impressive record has been so great that the Gramophone Company have had to ration dealers, many of whom have been repeatedly sold out.

Summer in Switzerland

A summer holiday in Switzerland can be wonderfully attractive if spent at the right places, and there is no doubt that the Grand Hotel at Brunnen is one of the ideal headquarters for such a vacation. Situated on the banks of Lake Lucerne, it is within easy reach of some of the finest beauty spots in the country, whilst the accommodation, service, and atmosphere of the hotel are all that the most fastidious could demand.

Lawn Tennis for Charity

The annual lawn tennis exhibition games in aid of the League of Mercy for the hospitals will be held on Thursday afternoon, July 28, at Baydon Manor, Ramsbury, Wilts, the residence of Mrs. Woolland. Many well-known players have kindly promised to take part. If the day is wet the matches will be played on hard courts. There will also be a Thé Dansant in the Winter Garden and a bridge tournament. A limited number of reserved tickets, price 5s., may be obtained from Mr. C. H. Kingsley, 107, Barkeston Gardens, S.W.5, and Mrs. Woolland, Baydon Manor, Ramsbury, Wilts.

Summer on the Lido

The summer programme of fêtes which has been prepared at Venice-Lido shows the magnitude of the preparations made for visitors. Between now and September the following big events have been arranged, in addition to a daily programme of smaller events: On July 31, the Gala of the Pearl at Excelsior; August 7, Gala of the Diamond; August 11, a big children's party at the Grand Hotel; August 14, Great Water Fête on the Grand Canal and Gala Dinner Dance of the Ruby; August 20, Oriental Ballet at the Hôtel des Bains; September 2, International Tennis Tournament for the Beaumont Cup; September 14, Persian Fête; September 18, Gala of the Jewels; September 25, Schneider Cup Races.

MRS. HORACE COLMORE *Swaine*

The remarkably talented painter of horses, who recently held an exhibition of her work at the Gieves Gallery in Bond Street. Her husband, Major Horace Colmore, is very well known in the world of polo

"Motoring on the Continent"

This book, the second edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., at 5s., not only makes a most alluring invitation to the motorist to visit the Continent, but gives him all the information and practical hints that he will need about his travels. It is written by Mr. Chas. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., who describes in the clearest manner the characteristics of the main motoring routes on the other side of the Channel, and will undoubtedly find a very warm welcome among the large army of motorists who intend to take a holiday on the Continent.

Lawn Tennis Facts

A book of lawn tennis statistics of more than usual interest to followers of the game has recently made its appearance. "The 'Last Eights' at Wimbledon, 1877-1926," contains records of all the players who reached the rounds immediately preceding the semi-final round, and as it has been written by Mr. F. R. Burrow, the well-known referee and handicapper, its authenticity is beyond question. It costs only one shilling, and is certainly "value for money," for it is arranged in a particularly clear and lucid manner.

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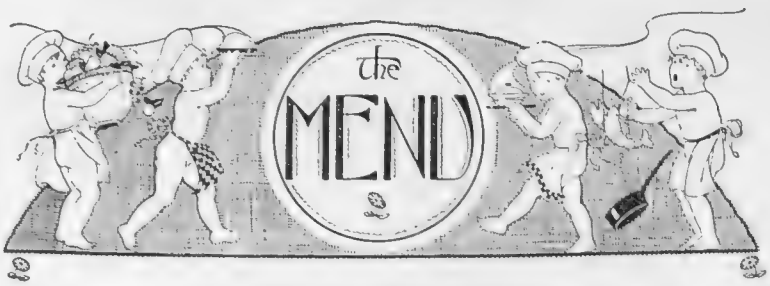

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CHERRY FRITTERS.
GREENGAGE OR PLUM FRITTERS.
TOMATO FRITTERS (A SAVOURY).

Loganberry Fritters

MAKE a batter of two eggs, well beaten, and half a pint of milk, thickened with cornflour to the consistency of cream, some sugar, and a pinch of cinnamon. Put the fruit into the batter, a spoonful at a time, and fry them in a pan of hot lard. Dish them in a pyramid, and sift sugar over and between them. Raspberries and mulberries are also delicious prepared in this way.

Cherry Fritters

Black cherries are the best. The stalks should be kept on, and they should be tied together in bunches of three or four. The batter for these should be made with ¼ lb. of flour, a quarter of a pint of cold water, one tablespoonful of salad oil or cream, the yolks of two eggs, and the whites stiffly whipped, and one tablespoonful of castor sugar. When all these ingredients are mixed into a smooth batter add last the whipped whites of the eggs. Dip the cherries into the batter and fry them in hot fat, being careful to keep them as rocky in appearance as possible. When cooked, sprinkle a little castor sugar and powdered cinnamon over them and serve hot.

Greengage or Plum Fritters

Divide into halves some large plums or greengages that are not overripe, peel them, take out the stones, and leave the plums to soak in a little brandy or liqueur for two hours. Dip each half plum into some castor sugar and then into some batter made as follows: Put about 3½ oz. of flour into a basin, and add to it gradually a gill of milk, a tablespoonful each of salad oil and brandy, and a pinch of salt. When the mixture is perfectly smooth and free from all lumps add the yolks of two eggs, stir well and, just as the batter is going to be used, stir in very lightly the whites of the two eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Let the plums be well covered with the batter, fry them in boiling fat and, when done to a golden colour, lay them on paper to drain, dredge castor sugar over them, and serve very hot—piled up high on a dish. Apricots, which are now in the market, would do excellently for this dish.

Tomato Fritters (a Savoury)

Take about six medium-sized tomatoes, cut out the little core at the top, but do not skin them, as it makes them break. Cut in halves, and cook them in a tin in the oven in margarine or butter for about ten minutes. Take them out and put them aside. Have a batter made of 1 oz. of flour, into which stir the stiffly whipped white of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, about half a teaspoonful of very finely chopped onion or shallot, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and a little salt and white pepper. Stir these well together in a basin, and put each piece of tomato in the batter until well coated with it. Have some boiling lard in a frying-pan, and fry each fritter until a golden brown. Take out of the pan, shake some grated cheese over each, and send up very hot. This is a delicious savoury. The quantities quoted will make twelve fritters.

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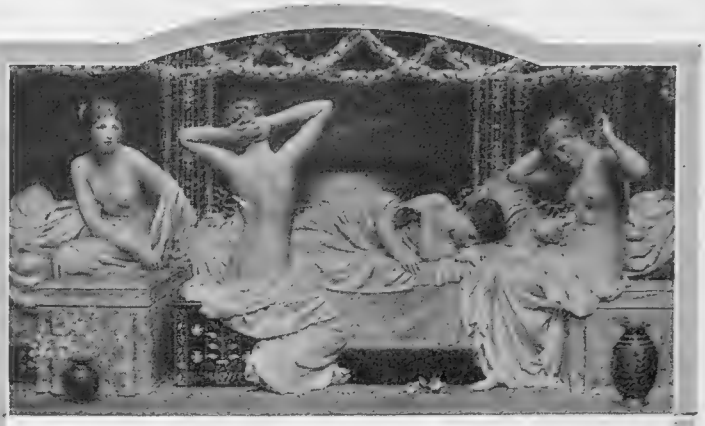

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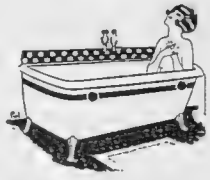

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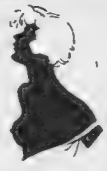

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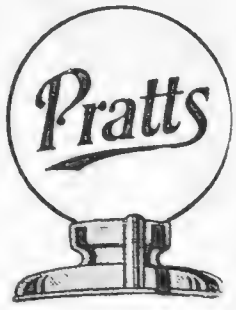

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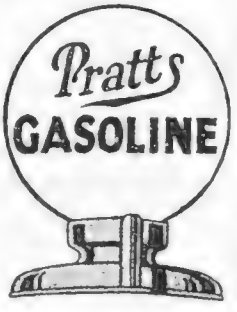

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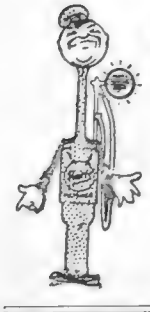

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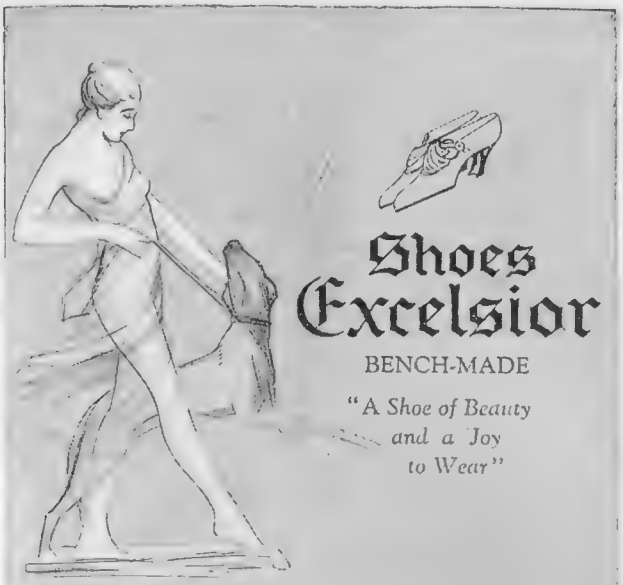

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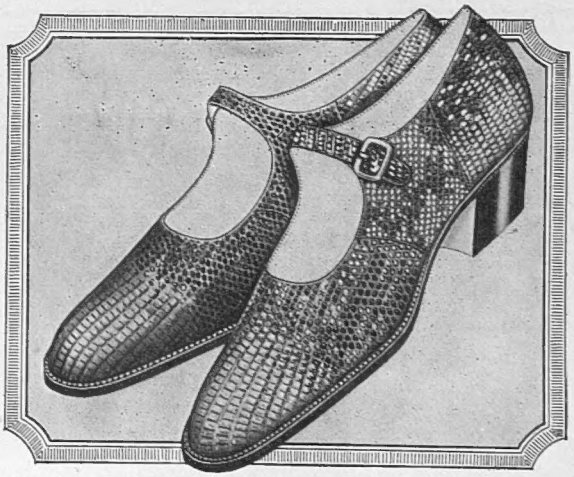

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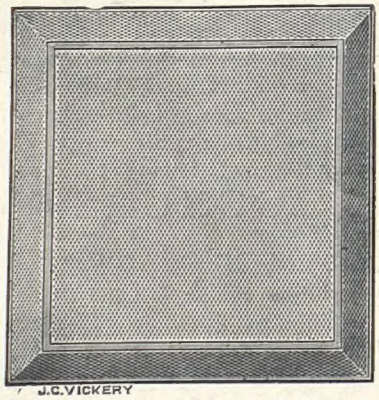
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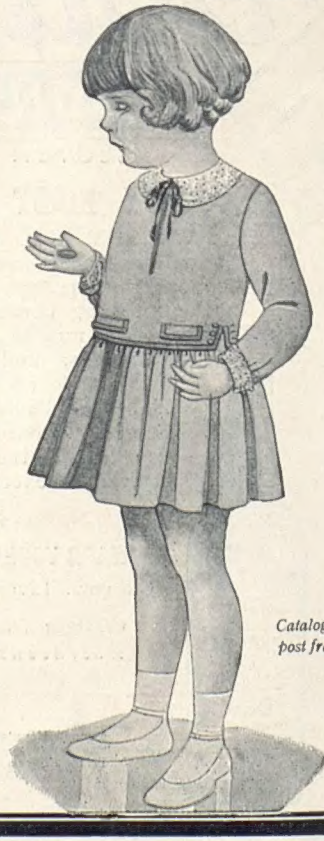

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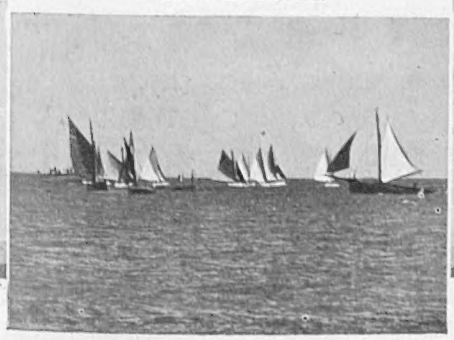

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"On Telephones."

No. 9.

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Duggie : "A very interesting topic, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "Remarkably so, as nearly every one present, at some time or other, had had unsatisfactory experience of it."

Duggie : "I am not surprised, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "But I have never heard a complaint from any of my friends who 'phone you their business on my recommendation."

Duggie : "It's due, Sir Edward, to my great anxiety to safeguard my clients."

Sir Edward : "I hardly follow. Are you entirely immune from telephone mistakes ?"

Duggie : "I do not for a moment claim to be infallible, Sir Edward, but I realised long ago the possibility of 'phone misunderstandings, and I evolved a system making such occurrences almost impossible."

Sir Edward : "Really ! Tell me about it."

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward. It is quite simple. Each of my lines is duplicated and employs two operators working quite independently ; in fact, they cannot see or speak to each other. One operator speaks to the client, the other listens to the conversation. Both record the instructions given."

Sir Edward : "So that if I 'phone a commission, it is taken down by two independent people, only one of whom speaks to me."

Duggie : "Correct, Sir Edward. The telephone slips are subsequently collected and *compared* so that any discrepancy would immediately be observed."

Sir Edward : "A truly wonderful system, Stuart. May I mention it at my Club ?"

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients.

Meanwhile—Write to-day and Open a Credit Account.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

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